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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume LXXIII. }

No. 2436. — March 7, 1891.

{ From Beginning.
Vol. CLXXXVIII.

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IDEALS.

LIKE butterflies that fret
Entangled in a net
Then at the last thro' some chance rift escape,
Of half their radiance shorn,
With ruffled plumes and torn,
Bright mockeries of their former hues and
shape;

So in the poet's mind
The rich ideas confined
Struggle to break in music from his tongue;
He speaks—he speaks—but, ah,
How changed, how different far
The thought once uttered from the thought
unsung.

So too the painter sees
Bewildering images,
And brush is seized, and canvas quick un-
furled;
The bright creation glows,
But, lo! his easel shows
Mere shadowy glimpses of that vision-world.

Know then whate'er we cull
From art's fields beautiful,
Whatever fruits philosophies may yield,
Their prototypes more fair
Are blossoming elsewhere,
Sweet songs unsung and visions unrevealed.

Until the veil is rent,
Our flesh-imprisonment,
And we are borne beyond this dust's control,
Then shall our orbless eyes
Behold realities,
And soul commune immediately with soul.
Temple Bar. L. J. G.

MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION.

O BEAUTIFUL sunbeam, straying
In through the wide church door,
I wish I was with you, playing
Down there on the cool stone floor.
For I am so tired of sitting
Upright and stiff and still,
And you, you go dancing, flitting
Gaily, wherever you will;
And you've nothing to do but glisten,
And no one is ever vexed
Because you forget to listen,
Or can't remember the text.

Dear sunbeam, I'm pondering, pondering,
Were they all fast asleep—the flowers?
When you came on your bright wings wander-
ing,
To earth in the morning hours.
And where have you since been roaming
The long, long hot day through?
Will you welcome the purple gloaming
That means "going home" to you?

Have you been to the river, I wonder?—
The river, shining and wide,
Where coots dart flashingly under,
And water weeds rock with the tide.
Did you see the big daisies bobbing?
Were the speedwells like bits of sky?
Did you hear the sad grasses sobbing
Whenever the wind went by?

Dear sunbeam, I'll be so lonely
When you have gone quite away.
And even now you are only
A faint gold splash on the grey.
Ah! at last the sermon is over;
I know the text—"God is Light"—
Wait a minute, sunbeam, you rover,
And let me bid you good-night.

FRANCES WYNNE.

TWO SONGS.

THE sun is gone from the valleys,
The air breathes fresh and chill;
On the barn roof yellow with lichen
A robin is singing shrill.

Like a tawny leaf is his bosom,
Like a dead leaf is his wing;
He is glad of the coming winter
As the thrush is glad of the spring.

The sound of a shepherd's piping
Comes down from a distant fold,
Like the ripple of running water,
As tuneless, and sweet, and cold.

The two songs mingle together;
Like and unlike are they,
For one sounds tired and plaintive,
And one rings proud and gay.

They take no thought of their music,
The bird and the shepherd-lad;
But the bird-voice thrills with rapture,
And the human note is sad.

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

Longman's Magazine.

HEINRICH HEINE.

THIS was a singer, a poet bold,
Compact of fire and rainbow gold:
Compact of rainbow gold and of fire,
Of sorrow and sin and of heart's desire—
Of good and of evil and things unknown,
A merciless poet who cut to the bone.
He sounded the depths of our grief and our
gladness,
He laughed at our mirth and he wept at our
madness;
He knew all the joy of the world, all the strife,
He knew, and he knew not, the meaning of
life.

W. H. POLLOCK.

From The Church Quarterly Review.
GASPARD DE COLIGNY.*

DURING the early stages of the Reformation in France the French Protestants had no fixed body of doctrine, no name, no ecclesiastical organization. Their scattered congregations were without union or cohesion. In the world of thought Calvin's logical genius gave them a community of religious ideas, a name, and a constitution. Twenty-five years after the publication of the "Institution Chrétienne" (1535) Coligny organized them as a political power and disciplined them as a military force. In the active life of French Protestantism he was from 1560 to 1572 the soul of the Reformed movement. He lived in an atmosphere of passion and prejudice. Yet, though scarcely a lovable man, he passed through life not only respected but trusted both by friends and foes. St. Simon, Bossuet, Voltaire, unite in praise of his character. St. Simon † says that Henry IV. was

the pupil of the wisest and most honest man of his age, Gaspard de Coligny, the greatest captain of his generation, superior to all his contemporaries in turning defeat to his own advantage and in reviving the spirit of his followers after the heaviest reverses; the man who was best able to hold his party together and to secure it against every element of division; the most disinterested and prudent of chiefs, the beloved and respected leader of the party of which he was ever the soul and the strength; the one man who knew how to command the aid of foreigners and the esteem of opponents, the man who was most highly valued and admired for his virtues. Happy prince to have been trained under the most prudent of captains, the wisest and worthiest man of his time.

Bossuet ‡ says that "every attempt to decry the admiral only made his memory more illustrious." Voltaire § celebrates his death in lines which are inscribed in

the chapel where his remains at length found a rest*:—

Ce héros malheureux sans armes et sans défense,
Voyant qu'il faut périr, et périr sans vengeance,
Voulut mourir du moins comme il avait vécu,
Avec toute sa gloire et toute sa vertu.

The public life of Coligny conveniently falls into three periods: (1) his youth (1517-1542), coinciding with the rise of French Protestantism under Francis I., by whose policy the new movement was alternately encouraged, ignored, and persecuted; (2) his military career against the foreign enemies of France (1542-1559), coinciding with the expansion of Calvinism and the "Age of the Martyrs" under Henry II.; (3) his career as the political and military leader of the Huguenots (1559-1572), coinciding with the period of armed resistance, the first three religious wars, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew. To the history of the Protestant Reformation in France and in Europe generally the Vicomte de Meaux has devoted his considerable literary talents. He writes avowedly from the Roman Catholic standpoint. But his tone is uniformly moderate, and his criticisms are at once acute and impartial. No coreligionist of Coligny could desire more generous treatment for the career of his hero than it receives from the Vicomte de Meaux.

The family of Coligny derives its name from the ancient town of Coligny, which stands on a slope of a well-wooded hill at the foot of the Jura Mountains, on the boundary of Bresse and Franche-Comté. Its members were originally subjects of the dukes of Savoy and not of the kings of France. It was not till 1437, that William II., Seigneur de Coligny, married Catharine Lourdin de Saligny, widow of Jean II. Lourdin de Saligny, and daughter and sole heiress of Jeanne Braque, Dame de Châtillon-sur-Loing. Their eldest son, Jean III., Seigneur de Coligny, Anelot, and Châtillon, was the first of the family who fixed his residence in France. He fought for Louis XI. against Charles the Bold, and left two sons, Jacques II. and

* 1. *Les Luites Religieuses en France au Seizième Siècle*. Par le Vicomte de Meaux. Paris, 1879.

2. *La Réforme et la Politique Française en Europe jusqu'à la Paix de Westphalie*. Par le même. Paris, 1889.

3. *L'Amiral de Coligny et les Guerres de Religion au Seizième Siècle*. Par C. Buët. Paris, 1884.

† Parallèle des trois premiers Rois Bourbons.

‡ Abrégé d'Histoire de France, liv. xvii.

§ Henriade.

* Lenoir, Musée des Monuments Français, tome iv., p. 20.

Gaspard I. Jacques II. was killed by the side of Bayard at the siege of Ravenna in 1512, and Gaspard I. inherited Châtillon. He married Louise de Montmorency, the sister of the constable. He fought at Fornovo (1495), Agnadello (1509), and Marignan (1515), and was made marshal of France in 1516. He died in 1522 at Dax, on his way to relieve Fontarabia. He was, says Brantôme, a man "du conseil duquel le roi s'est fort servi tant qu'il a vescu, comme il avait raison, car il avait bone teste et bon bras." He left behind him three sons — Odet de Châtillon, Cardinal Archbishop of Toulouse and Bishop of Beauvais; Gaspard II., born in 1517, Comte de Coligny, known in his youth as Monsieur de Fromente, a castle now in ruins some four leagues from Bourg-en-Bresse; and François d'Andelot. The three boys were brought up by their mother, Louise de Montmorency.* Louise was twice married. By her first husband, the Comte de Mailly, she had a daughter, Madeleine, afterwards Madame de Roye and mother-in-law of Louis de Bourbon, Prince de Condé. Louise de Montmorency was a firm, proud, austere, morally courageous woman. She was "the very exquisite and venerable lady in whom all virtues met in emulation of each other," † to whom Marguerite de Valois owed her education. She taught her sons to be gentlemen after her own ideal, true in word and deed, just, but also stern, to dependents, ready to accept the responsibilities of their position. She died in 1547, refusing the aid of a priest.‡ Her daughter Madeleine was avowedly a Protestant, and the tutor she provided for her son Gaspard was Nicolas Bérault, the friend of Louis de Berquin, the courteous host of Erasmus, the teacher of Dolet.§ It is said that Coligny's tutor was singularly

slow of speech, and that his governor, Prunelay, usually had his toothpick in his mouth. Coligny imitated both. "Beware of the constable's paternosters," said the Protestants. "Beware of the admiral's toothpick," retorted the Catholics.

In 1539, Louise de Montmorency became governess to Jeanne d'Albret, the daughter of Marguerite of Angoulême. Her eldest son, Odet de Châtillon, had already embraced the ecclesiastic profession, and Gaspard had become the head of the family. His mother's position brought him to Paris. There he formed a romantic attachment with François de Guise. The two young men played together in masquerades, wore each other's colors, jousted in tournaments on the same side. "Both of them," says Brantôme, "were young madcaps, excelling all others in their extravagant follies." But he adds that Coligny was the more learned of the two, understanding and speaking Latin well, and always reading when not engaged in affairs.

The family of Guise* was now at the height of its power. Claude, the first Duc de Guise, married Antoinette de Bourbon, by whom he had twelve children. The eldest, Marie, married first the Duc de Longueville, and secondly James V. of Scotland. Her daughter Mary became wife of Francis II., king of France. Claude died in 1550. Of his six sons François, the second Duc de Guise, was the eldest. The rivalry of Coligny, the defender of Metz (1552), the victor of Renty (1554), the captor of Calais (1558) was born in 1519. He was thus two years younger than Coligny. The Guises possessed all the qualities of which popular favorites are made. Rich, gallant, generous, eloquent, affable, they were so dignified in bearing that it was said "les autres princes paraissaient peuple auprès d'eux." "La main Lorraine" passed into a proverb for liberality. A blind beggar at Rome, who received alms from the Cardinal of Lorraine, exclaimed, "You are either Jesus Christ or the Cardinal of Lorraine." All the dazzling qualities of his family met in the great Duc de Guise.

* See H. Forneron's *Les Ducs de Guise et leur Époque*. Paris, 1877. 8vo.

* Eugène Bersier, *Études sur le Seizième Siècle: Coligny avant les Guerres de Religion*, 2me édition. Paris, 1884. 8vo. This work has been translated into English — Coligny: the earlier Life of the Great Huguenot Leader. Translated by A. H. Holmden. London, 1884. 8vo.

† Génin, "Notice sur Marguerite d'Angoulême," *Lettres inédites de Marguerite d'Angoulême*, tome i.

‡ La Vie de Messire de Coligny. Par J. Hotman, *Seigneur de Villiers*. 1643. 4to.

§ Nicolaus Beroaldus, quo præceptore, annos natus sedecim, rhetorica Lutetiæ didici (Comm. *Linguz Latinæ*. Lugduni, 1536-8, tom. 1., col. 1157).

He was not the ignorant soldier who could mistake the printed Bible brought to him at Vassy, as Protestant prejudice has depicted him, but he was well read in the Latin historians, and especially in Tacitus. Splendid in expenditure, delighting in display, apparently frank and careless in speech, mirthful in manner, broad-shouldered, and magnificent in appearance, he was the ideal *beau sabreur*, the very man to become the idol of Paris.

Numerous explanations have been sought for the coolness which gradually sprang up between the two young men. The true explanation lies in their divergent characters and their natural rivalry. In the case of Coligny the exuberant spirits of youth concealed a will and temperament which were not likely to suffer shipwreck from the frivolities of the court. His thoughtful, serious face — as it appears in his portrait among the Grands Amiraux of France — with its square, high forehead, full, firm mouth, clear, melancholy, grey eyes, reveals qualities the very opposite to those of Guise. Proud of his birth, impatient of control, stern and even harsh in the administration of justice, he was a man to be trusted and feared. Reserved in manner, severe in demeanor, slow in the expression of his opinions, inflexible in his judgment of others, pitiless towards himself, he was never a man to be popular. He cared little for worldly pleasures, but he loved power. He was determined to be the first man in France, and at every step Guise crossed his path. Tolerant and enlightened in his views, he was in his ideas a man of the modern world. The hero of duty, intrepid in danger, resourceful in defeat, never elated by success or dispirited by failure, his virtues seemed to be cast in the mould of antiquity.

Ambitious of military glory, Coligny rapidly gained renown as a soldier. He was wounded at Montmédy in 1542, and at the siege of Bains in 1543; he distinguished himself at the capture of Carignan and the battle of Cériseles (1544); he commanded a galley in the French expedition against the Isle of Wight in 1545; he captured Boulogne from the English in 1549 by means of a fort which was called, after its projector, Fort Châtillon. Such

services secured him rapid promotion. In 1547 Francis I. died, and was succeeded by Henry II. In this same year Coligny was made colonel and captain-general of the French infantry. The Swiss mercenaries, of whom the force was composed, were disorderly in war, and in peace "companies of Arabs and brigands." Coligny's first care was to reduce them to discipline. The honor of women was guarded by the punishment of hanging. Everything was to be paid for, and soldiers who roved through the country in search of plunder were to be hung. No quarrelling was permitted. A soldier who calumniated another, or gave his comrade the lie, was to make public confession of his fault. No duel could be fought without permission. The execrable blasphemies of the soldiers were to cease. On the third offence the blasphemer's tongue was cut out. Golding,* in his "Lyfe of Jasper Colignie," translated from the Latin of De Serres, describes this military code.

For wheras erst it was growen intoo a moste wicked custome, that the souldyers myght ronne gadding everywhere under their antsignes, and make havocke and spoyle of all things, Jasper tyed them too streyter orders of warlike disciplyne, therby too restreyne their overlicentious dealinges, and specially to repressse the libertie of their cursed swearing and blasphemie.

Stern as the code was it was enforced with inexorable rigor. Formerly, says Brantôme,† there was nothing but pillage, robbery, plunder, ransoming, murder, quarrels, and ravishing. Now the troops were strictly disciplined, and "the lives of thousands of persons saved."

In 1553 Coligny became admiral of France; in 1555 he was made governor of Picardy; in 1556 he negotiated the Treaty of Vaucelles with Philip of Spain. He was at the height of his fortune. Meanwhile the increasing severity of the persecutions of the Protestants had turned Coligny's thoughts to the pacification of

* The Lyfe of the most Godly, Valeant, and Noble Capteine and Maintainer of the trew Christain Religion in Fraunce, Jasper Colignie Shatillon, some tyme Greate Admirall of Fraunce. Translated out of Latin by A. Golding. London, 1576. 8vo.

† Hommes Illustres et Grands Capitaines Français: M. de Châtillon.

religious dissensions. In the New World it was possible to found a colonial empire, strike a blow at the exclusive dominion of Spain, and secure liberty of conscience for the Protestants. As Coligny anticipated Cromwell in his discipline of an army, so also he preceded the Pilgrim Fathers in his scheme of colonization. But his plan was to be a national movement, supported and encouraged by the king. To this purpose he adhered with his usual tenacity. He recurred to it again in 1560, 1564, and 1570.* In 1555 the first colonizing expedition for the sake of religious liberty sailed from Havre. It reached Rio de Janeiro, and occupied a small island, which Villegagnon the commander, called Coligny. But the enterprise failed. The emigrants quarrelled among themselves; many of them returned sooner than endure the Genevan rule; those who remained were massacred.

This abortive expedition was Coligny's first failure. Its equipment marks the highest point of his career. Henceforward his life was full of disaster, and his star was eclipsed by that of Guise. In 1557 the Treaty of Vaucelles was treacherously broken. War was renewed with Spain, and Picardy bore the brunt of the attack. St. Quentin was besieged. It was without walls, provisions, or soldiers. If the town fell, the road lay open to the Spaniards. Coligny threw himself into it with a handful of men. Two attempts to relieve it failed. For twenty-seven days he held out, and every hour that was gained gave the French time to collect their troops. Finally the town was carried by assault. As with his brother Andelot,† imprisonment proved the religious turning-point of his life. When the peace of Cateau-Cambrésis (signed April, 1559) was negotiated, he returned to Paris a Protestant. He has himself described the siege of St. Quentin in a document composed in his prison at Sluys.‡ He concludes his account of the capture of the town with these words:—

All my consolation springs from the reflection, which ought to be present to the minds of all Christians, that such mysteries cannot take place without the will and pleasure of

God, which are always good, and holy, and reasonable, and which do nothing without just cause. Wherefore, though I know not the reason thereof, I ought not even to enquire into it, but rather to humble myself before Him, conforming myself to His will.

Coligny returned to Paris, to find Guise entirely possessed of Henry's confidence, the Spanish influence supreme, the papal power strictly allied with France, the Catholic reaction in progress, the Inquisition introduced, the government bent upon the extermination of heresy. It did not make his loss of influence less hard to bear, that he himself was the author of the plans by which Guise had taken Calais.* He withdrew to Châtillon-sur-Loing, where he made a public profession of the Calvinist opinions in 1560. In his retirement he busied himself with rebuilding and restoring the castle.† Châtillon, near Nogent-sur-Vermisson, in the department of Loiret, is a small, quiet town which has grown up under the shadow of the residence of its feudal lords. Thrice burned to the ground, there are few remains of ancient buildings. The choir of the church dates from the time of Coligny, as also do the edifices known as Pot au Lait, l'Enfer, le Purgatoire, and le Paradis. The bastions and walls with which he surrounded the castle may still be traced. The gardens, with the three terraces placed the one above the other, remain much as he left them. But the southern wing of the castle, which he built in the Renaissance style, containing a gallery of pictures by Primaticcio and his pupils, bas-reliefs, and caryatides carved by Jean Goujon, and frescoes for which Giulio Romano supplied the designs, is destroyed. Coligny at least did not suffer his religion to blind him to the beauties of art.

As the policy of the court grew more definitely hostile towards the Protestants, their attitude towards the civil power underwent a complete change. They began to look to the sword for the righteous defence of the Gospel. They learned to use the watchword "Venger Dieu." They prepared for union among their scattered congregations by convening their first synod at Paris in 1559. The delegates assembled at the risk of their lives,‡ and the result of their deliberations at this and subsequent meetings was the Confession of Faith, which they presented two years

* The History of these enterprises is admirably told by the late Francis Parkman (Pioneers of France in the New World. Boston, 1865. 8vo).

† Andelot was taken prisoner in Italy, and for four years (1551-5) was imprisoned in the Castle of Milan. There he read the works of Calvin and became a Protestant.

‡ Discours de Gaspar de Coligny sur le Siège de Saint-Quentin (printed in La Vie de Gaspard de Coligny, par G. de Courtils de Sandras. Cologne, 1686. 12mo).

* Brantôme, Grands Capitaines, etc. : M. de Guise. † Becquerel, Souvenirs Historiques sur l'Amiral. Coligny. Paris, 1876. 8vo.

‡ Spretto certe necis metu conveniunt (De Thou, liv. xxii.).

later to Charles IX., and a compact and serried organization based on the representative system. Numerous, enthusiastic, well-organized, and rapidly increasing in numbers, the Huguenots only required leaders to make them a formidable body. At this crisis the ascendancy of the Guises and the Spanish policy of the court threw into their arms the Bourbons and a large number of the malcontent nobility. Between the Cardinal of Lorraine, the "Tiger of France," as Hotman calls Charles de Guise, and Antoine Perrenot, better known as the Cardinal Granvelle and the subtlest diplomatist of the day, a close alliance had been formed. French policy, hitherto opposed to the aggrandizement of Spain, became Spanish. It was from the Escorial that the Guises drew their mysterious strength. Granvelle painted the insidious progress of heresy, the dangers with which it threatened the monarchy, the advantage of uniting France with Spain as a bulwark against Protestantism. A tempting prospect was opened to the Guises. They could pose as defenders of the faith, as Catholic champions, and by such titles jealousy of their extraction or their influence would be appeased. They would rise above court intrigues; they would cease to depend on royal favoritism. Their allies would be the Catholic sovereigns of Europe, their followers every faithful son of the Church. Resistance to their power would be identified with heresy. So the subtle poison worked in the minds of the Guises. What their ultimate object may have been is uncertain. Perhaps they foresaw that in the sickly children of Catherine de Médicis the race of Valois would become extinct, and hoped that as champions of the Church they might seize the throne. With the death of Henry II. (1559) and the accession of Francis II. their influence was unbounded. Mary Stuart, their niece, was queen of France, and Francis, a boy of sixteen, weak in mind and body, was a puppet in their hands. They usurped the position which legitimately belonged to the princes of the blood. They alone were responsible for the acts done in the royal name. To them was entrusted the civil, military, and financial administration of the country. Under their auspices the persecution grew hotter, and aimed at higher game. Anne Dubourg was arrested, imprisoned, and executed as a heretic. Andelot, the brother of Coligny, only saved himself from a similar fate by a timely conformity.

A mass of disaffection towards the gov-

ernment had accumulated. The protestants, the nobility, the princes of the blood, even the queen mother, had their grievances. Though nominally in retirement at Châtillon, Coligny was in close touch with the leaders of his party. Near to Châtillon lay Tanlay, the home of Andelot, and Noyers, the residence of Condé. The two Bourbon princes, Condé, and the elder brother, Antoine, Duc de Vendôme, who by his marriage with Jeanne d'Albret was king of Navarre, were the nominal leaders of the Huguenot party. As princes of the blood royal they had claims to the administration of the realm during the minority of the king. Both as Protestants and princes of the blood they had everything to fear from the ascendancy of the Guises. But Antoine,* weak, vacillating, and suspicious of the Constable Montmorency, was incapable of decisive action. Louis, Prince de Condé, born in 1530, was of a very different character. Popular, brave, fond of pleasure, chivalrously courageous, excelling in all bodily exercises, loving other people's wives as much as his own,† he had nothing Puritan in his nature. Slight in stature and round-shouldered — not as anecdote-mongers have maintained, hump-backed — he disputed with François de Guise the favor of the Parisians, who sang of him

Ce petit homme tant jolly
Toujours cause et toujours rit,
Et toujours baise sa mignonne :
Dieu gard' de mal le petit homme !

He was attracted to the Huguenot faith by the influence of his wife, the granddaughter of Louise de Montmorency, the mother of Coligny. Ambitious rather than religious, he threw in his lot with the Reformers from disgust at the ascendancy of the Guises. He was the Rupert of their cause, as Coligny was their Washington. His charge was irresistible, but he was rather a dashing cavalry officer than a general.

Between the extreme sections of the malcontents Coligny held the balance. There were Huguenots of religion, asking the end of persecution, and Huguenots of state, who demanded the dismissal of the Guises. On the one side were the Reformers, who, stimulated by the example of their co-religionists in other countries, were eager to conquer liberty of religion

* Histoire des Princes de Condé pendant les XVIIe et XVIIIe Siècles, par M. le duc d'Aumale, tome I. Paris, 1863.

† Brantôme says that Condé was "aussy mondain qu'un autre, et aymoit autant la femme d'autrui que la sienne."

by force of arms and the aid of foreigners. On the other side stood the nobles, who clamored for the restoration of the princes of the blood. No notion of treason crossed their minds. France during the wars of religion resembled England during the wars of the Roses. Subject to the crown only in name, the nobility hoped to use the Protestant cause as a means of recovering their feudal independence. At a council held at Vendôme the malcontents considered whether they should take up arms against the Guises as "usurpers, foreigners, and tyrants." Coligny restrained the eagerness of his party. At this, and at the subsequent meeting of La Ferté-sur-Marne, he argued against war. Nothing was lost by waiting. The Reformed religion was spreading fast. The king was young, and he might eventually side with them. Without foreign assistance they could not cope with the Guises.

Coligny's advice prevailed. Some at least of those whom he addressed were privy to the conspiracy of Amboise, to seize or kill the Guises, to secure the person of the king, to hand over the government to the Bourbons, who would convene the States-General. Was Coligny the "Capitaine Muet" who stood behind La Renaudie? Was the secretary of La Renaudie speaking the truth, or saving himself from torture, when he declared that both Condé and Coligny were privy to the plot? It is impossible to decide with certainty; but the discovery of the plot was followed by a massacre of the Huguenots. At Amboise alone twelve hundred were executed. Public justice was made the instrument of private vengeance. Alarm at the boldness of the plot, and horror at its terrible punishment, strengthened the hands of the moderate party, who demanded a general amnesty. At Fontainebleau it was resolved to summon the States-General at Orleans and suspend the punishment of heretics. This resolution was a triumph for the moderate party and a defeat for the Guises. But the convention of the States-General at Orleans afforded the latter an opportunity which they hastened to use. They crowded the city with troops. The Spaniards were ready to give assistance on the frontiers. The Protestants were unprepared. A royal ordinance was drafted for publication, confiscating the property of the Calvinists and banishing them from the kingdom. Coligny and the Cardinal de Châtillon were in the hands of the Guises. Condé was arrested and condemned to death. The *coup d'état* was ruined, at the

moment of its triumph, by the death of Francis II. on December 5, 1560.

The accession of Charles IX., at the age of nine, promised brighter prospects for the Huguenots. The Guises were no longer the king's uncles. L'Hôpital's influence was thrown into the scale of toleration. The constable Montmorency returned to court. The king of Navarre was appointed lieutenant-governor of the realm. The Guises retired in disgust to the provinces. The Cardinal de Châtillon, though married, celebrated mass in the Cathedral of Beauvais. Montluc* preached a sermon before the king in which he expounded the Genevan creed. The key to this change lies in the position and the character of Catharine de Médicis. The ruling passion of the queen mother was the love of power, or, as the Venetian ambassador calls it, "il affetto di signoreggiare." Without affections, scruples, or principles, without a single virtue except conjugal fidelity, without one noble feeling, yet with infinite patience and suppleness, she schemed incessantly to preserve her own ascendancy. Unable to raise the royal power above contending parties, she gave her hand first to one, then to the other, using them against each other, alternately courting and betraying first the Catholics and then the Huguenots. At this moment not only had she most to fear from the ambition of the Guises, but it was doubtful whether Rome or Geneva was to dominate France. It was only when the Catholic reaction had set in after 1563, and the first war had revealed the numerical insignificance of the Huguenots, that Catharine definitely took the side of the Catholics. Even then she was prepared to be neutral. The extraordinary influence which Coligny gained in 1570 was the real cause of his attempted murder and the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Catharine's first plan was to create a moderate party which might check the power of the Guises, and either hold the balance between contending parties, or effect a compromise which would satisfy both. Herself a Gallio in matters of religion, she believed that it was possible to establish a moderate platform to which both Huguenots and Catholics could adhere. She laid the outline of her scheme before Pius IV.† The basis of her "interim" was the reform of clerical discipline, the abolition of image-worship, the communion in both kinds,

* Le Laboureur, *Additions aux Mémoires de Castelnau*, tome. i., liv. ii.

† De Thou, liv. xxviii

the use of the vulgar tongue in common prayer. With this object before her she accepted the aid of L'Hôpital, and strained every nerve to avoid the issue of civil war or liberty of conscience. The Colloquy of Poissy, the National Council, the Edict of January, 1562, were the outcome of Catharine's temporizing policy; they gave the combatants a breathing space, but nothing more. Already in the provinces the two parties were flying at each other's throats. In its general features the massacre of Vassy (March 1, 1562) might have been paralleled elsewhere on one side or the other. But the presence of Guise made it the signal for the first religious war.

Both parties flew to arms. At first Catharine wavered. The Protestants assured her that in every province she would have an army, if she would but trust herself and the king to the princes of the blood. Catharine yielded to the suggestion. She urged Navarre to seize the person of the king at Fontainebleau, "to save the mother, the children, and the king." But while Navarre hesitated, Guise seized the opportunity, and Catharine passed over finally to the side of Lorraine. From Meaux Condé issued his manifesto to the Protestants to arm, and flung out his banner with the inscription "Doux le péril pour Christ et la patrie." His published reasons* for declaring war were the delay of the Parliament in registering the Edict of January, the massacre of Vassy, the fear that Guise was plotting the extermination of the Protestants, the disobedience of Guise in going to Paris in defiance of the royal commands, the assumption of royal powers by the council over which Guise presided at Paris. In similar terms the Treaty of Association† was drawn up between Condé and his party—"to maintain the honor of God, the peace of this Kingdom, and the State and Liberty of the King under the Government of the Queen his Mother." Numerous public documents of the day treat the king as a captive, and it is avowedly on this ground that Elizabeth promised her assistance to the Huguenot cause.

Hitherto Coligny had not declared himself. No man can lightly take the step of

civil war. Before him hovered that image of his country with which the Roman poet confronted Cæsar on the banks of the Rubicon. "Ingens visa duci patriæ trepidantis imago." One night he lay sleepless in his bed, pondering upon the miseries of the Protestants and the horrors of war, debating within his stern, upright spirit the legality of armed resistance to authority. It was at the entreaty of his wife, Catharine de Laval, that he eventually joined Condé. To her arguments he replied:—

"Madame! lay your hand upon your breast and search your heart. Can you encounter disaster, shame, the reproaches of a people who judge all things by success? Can you endure treachery, your exile, your nakedness, your hunger, and, what is worse, the hunger of your children, your own death upon the scaffold, and the spectacle of your husband drawn to execution on a hurdle? I give you three weeks to consider." "The three weeks," she said, "are already passed. Lay not upon your head the guilt of the death of those who will perish in those three weeks, or I shall witness against you before the judgment seat of God."

Her high-spirited counsel turned the scale. *Tristis ad mortem*, he threw in his lot with Condé, protesting that he took up arms not against the king but against his false counsellors.

The war opened with a brilliant feat of arms. Condé, riding at the head of two thousand of the Protestant gentry, carried Orleans by a cavalry charge. From Blois to Angers the gleam of Huguenot steel flashed along the banks of the Loire; it leaped from town to town; it girdled the coast. Half Languedoc sprang to arms. Dauphiné, with the massacre of the Vaudais fresh in her memory, rose. The great cities of Guienne and Gascony declared for the Genevan gown. Both sides ravaged, plundered, and burned. Both employed mercenary *Reiters* and *Landsknechts*. Both appealed abroad for assistance. But the sale of Havre to Elizabeth by the Calvinist leaders is a lasting disgrace to their cause.* Religious fanaticism might be proof against the charge of treason. Yet many of the political Huguenots deserted the cause as soon as the terms of the treaty of Hampton court transpired.

The Huguenot headquarters lay at Orleans, where Coligny devoted himself to the military and moral discipline of the army. Soon the camp presented an edi-

* Cf. Declaration Faicte par Monsieur le Prince de Condé pour monstrer les raisons qui l'ont contrainct d'entreprendre la defense de l'autorité du Roy, du Gouvernement de la Roynne et du repds de ce Royaume. MDLXII.

† Traicté d'Association faicte par Monseigneur le Prince de Condé avec les Princes, Chevaliers de l'Ordre, etc., qui sont entrez, ou entreront cy après, en ladicté Association. MDLXII.

* Hist. des Princes de Condé, par M. le duc d'Aumale, i. 161.

fying spectacle. Each regiment had its chaplain. Every morning public prayers were offered for the king and themselves, that God would keep them "vivans en toute sobriété et modestie, sans noises, mutineries, blasphèmes, paillardises." But none knew better than Coligny the value of this appearance. "J'ay commandé," he said, "à l'infanterie longtemps, et la connois; elle accomplit souvent le proverbe qui dit *de jeune hermite vieux diable*." After the first success everything went against the Huguenots. Bourges and Rouen were taken. Guise's generalship turned the battle of Dreux from a defeat into a victory. Condé was a prisoner. Hard pressed, Coligny drew off his defeated troops to Normandy to create a diversion and receive the aid of Elizabeth. Orleans itself was on the point of surrender when Guise was murdered by Poltrot de Méré. The assassin was known to Coligny, who had once assisted him with money. The admiral was vehemently suspected of complicity with the crime. His defence was in some points halting. He admitted that he had heard of Poltrot's threats, and that he made no effort to divert him from his purpose, but he repudiated all connivance at the murder. In his letter to the queen on the subject* he adds:—

Your Majesty must not think, from what I have said, that I feel any regret for the death of M. de Guise. On the contrary, I consider that his death is the greatest blessing that could happen to this kingdom, to the Church of God, and particularly to me and my house, and also, if it please your Majesty, that it will afford the means of giving peace to this kingdom.

Though Coligny was formally acquitted of the crime by a decree issued from Moulins,† the Guises, and above all the widowed duchess, afterwards Madame de Nemours, never accepted his acquittal.

The death of Guise gave the Huguenots the Peace of Amboise (March, 1563), which promised liberty of conscience everywhere, and permitted the public performance of Protestant services on the estates of great nobles, in the houses of the gentry, in one chosen town within each *bailiage*, and in the strongholds of which the Huguenots were possessed at the con-

clusion of the war. The civil strife ended, Huguenot and Catholic fought side by side to expel the English from France. They might temporarily unite in the presence of a common enemy, but they could not live at home in peace. Coligny from the first regarded the treaty as a "rope of sand." He spent the greater part of the comparatively peaceful years which the truce secured to France at Châtillon. There he set an example of religious toleration to the world. Nowhere was a priest safer than under the walls of the castle of the Huguenot leader. At Châtillon also he founded his college for instruction in Greek, Hebrew, and Latin. He made his own house a model of sober and godly living. Prayers began and ended the day. Singing and preaching preceded dinner. Audiences to the deputies of the churches of the provinces occupied much of his leisure. But he found time to devote to his colonial enterprises and to foreign politics. As he had organized Villegagnon's expedition in 1555, and equipped the expedition of Jean Ribaud to Florida in 1560, so now in 1564 he returned to his project. The new expedition was led by Laudonnière, one of Ribaud's companions. But the enterprise failed, like all its predecessors, because the colonists could not endure the hardships and monotony of colonial life. Meanwhile his plans of foreign policy assumed definite shape. His great idea was to detach France from her Spanish alliance, and to place her at the head of a league to resist the enormous power of Spain. In this he anticipated the policy of Henry IV., Richelieu, and Mazarin. A war with Spain would, he believed, prove a safety-valve for domestic discontent; it would bring religious toleration in its train. He himself would gain honor against the foreign foe. He would defeat Alva and avenge St. Quentin.

Catharine still temporized. She refused to adopt Coligny's plan. On the other hand she repudiated the policy proposed to her by Alva and her daughter Elizabeth. Her conference at Bayonne with the Spanish agents and the queen of Spain in 1565 aroused the darkest suspicions among the Huguenots. Was she preparing another Sicilian Vespers? The recent publication of Alva's letters proves that, so far as Catharine and Charles IX. were concerned, the suspicion was unfounded. But at the time the alarm and misgiving were general. Very little was required to cause an outbreak between two parties, each prepared to take the

* Response à l'interrogatoire qu'on dict avoit esté faic à un nommé Jean de Poltrot, soy disant Seigneur de Méré, sur la mort du feu duc de Guise. Orleans, 1562.

† Décret declarant le dit Sieur de Châtillon, Amiral de France, purgé, deschargé, et innocent du faict dudit homicide, et des charges qu'on luy a voulu, ou pourroit, pour ce regard, imputer. Moulins, 1565.

field, mistrustful of the other's intentions, and determined not to be surprised. In 1567 a Spanish army was on its way through Burgundy to execute the vengeance of Philip II. on the Netherlands. The French troops watched its progress. But the Spaniards reached the Low Countries, and instead of the royal troops being disbanded they were ordered to Paris. William the Silent sent despatches warning the Huguenots that both armies were to be combined for their destruction. A hasty council was summoned. Coligny as usual recommended patience; but the danger seemed urgent and he was overruled. In the second war of religion the perfection of the Huguenot organization was strikingly exemplified. Spies were sent to watch the movements of Coligny at Châtillon. They found him dressed as a farmer, pruning his fruit trees. Two days later the Huguenots had risen all over France, and fifty towns were in their hands. The court only saved itself from capture at Meaux by a hasty flight to Paris. Condé endeavored to starve the city into surrender. But it was "the ant besieging the elephant." The battle of Dreux (November 10, 1567) compelled him to retreat. Catharine opened negotiations with the Huguenot leader, and, against the advice of Coligny, he signed the treaty of Longjumeau (March, 1568).

Peace was again restored. The Huguenots laid down their arms, returned home, dismissed their mercenaries. Catharine had succeeded in her object. She had been taken by surprise. She only wished to gain time. She believed the Huguenots to be losing, the Catholics to be gaining ground. Her hesitation was at an end. She did not disband the Switzers. Citadels were raised in all the Protestant strongholds. L'Hôpital was dismissed from the chancellorship. Nothing was done to restrain the violence of the Catholics. Coligny could obtain no redress for the seizure of his treasures. Shots were fired at him; he was ordered to reduce his retinue; one of his gentlemen was murdered. He removed to Tanlay, Andelot's castle near Tonnerre, so as to be close to Condé at Noyers. He wrote to complain of the way in which he was denied justice, and in which the king was blinded to the real state of the kingdom. In reply Catharine appointed Tavannes, his rival and enemy, to investigate his grievances. Meanwhile troops were secretly gathered in the neighborhood of Noyers and Tanlay. Had not Alva said

that one salmon was worth the heads of ten thousand frogs? A warning reached Condé and Coligny. A horseman galloped past the castle of Noyers, sounding his horn and crying out: "The stag is in the snare! the hunt is up!" Royal guards held the gatehouses, fords, and bridges. Instant flight was necessary. At midnight on August 25, 1568, the Huguenot leaders, with their families and one hundred and fifty men, left Noyers to run the gauntlet of their enemies and reach Rochelle. The pursuit was hot. Led by a huntsman, who knew the fords and forest paths, they reached the Loire at a spot above Cosne, near Sancerre. They crossed the river, their horses only wading knee-deep. As day broke, the river rose in flood, and the fugitives were saved. They fell on their knees on the farther bank, singing the 114th Psalm—"What ailed thee, O thou sea?" etc. They reached Rochelle in safety. The Huguenots rose to arms all over the country. The court issued an edict, forbidding under pain of death any other worship except the Catholic, offered a free pardon to those who would acknowledge their errors, and banished all ministers of the Reformed religion from the kingdom. In this spirit began the third religious war.

Coligny commenced the war under discouraging circumstances. His eldest son, Gaspard, was dead. His wife died a few weeks later. Shortly afterwards his daughter Renée and his brother Andelot died. His castle at Châtillon was taken and sacked. But his energies were not relaxed. His wife had died entreating him, by the love he bore to her and his children, to fight to the last extremity for God's service and the advancement of true religion. Averse as he was to war, no alternative was possible. His first step was to fit out a navy of thirty ships, in order to keep the communication open with England. His fleet was subjected to the same rules of discipline which William of Orange afterwards introduced among the Gueux. A minister sailed with each ship; only men of good character were permitted to serve; one-third of the booty went to the "Cause." On land he and Condé held the field with the most powerful army which the Huguenots had ever raised. In the spring of 1569 the Catholics, largely reinforced, assumed the offensive. At Jarnac they gained a victory over the Calvinists, in which Condé was killed. The blow was at first sight crushing; but the widowed Jeanne d'Albret, with her young

son, Henry of Navarre, revived the enthusiasm of the Huguenots. A medal was struck in her honor, with the inscription, "Pax certa, victoria integra, mors honesta." Within a week after Jarnac, Coligny was in the field, only to be once more disastrously defeated at Moncontour. With Condé and Andelot dead, with troops dispirited by two successive defeats, himself grievously wounded, proscribed as a traitor, and with a price of fifty thousand crowns set upon his head, many men would have abandoned the struggle. His fleet was at hand to convey him to England. But Coligny was made of sterner stuff. He was never more formidable than in the moment of defeat.

In the following spring (1570) he set his face northwards. From all the mountain districts of the Vivarais, the Cevennes, and the Forez, the Huguenots flocked to his standard. A new spirit animated his followers. They sang as they marched through a hostile country and deserted villages:—

Lé prince de Condé
Il a esté tué,
Mais monsieur l'Amiral
Est encore à cheval
Avec la Rochefoucauld
Pour chasser tous ces papaux, papaux.

His name was more powerful than that of the king. "De l'amiral de France," says Brantôme, "il était plus parlé que du roi de France." With him were Henry of Navarre, the little Prince of Condé, and Louis of Nassau. At St. Etienne he fell ill, and for a week the army halted. Catharine sent Biron to negotiate. He would only see Coligny. In vain the other chiefs offered themselves, saying that their cause did not depend only on the admiral. "If *he* were dead," retorted the ambassador, "we would not offer you a cup of water." Coligny recovered and pressed on. He defeated the royal army at Arnay-le-Duc, and reached La Charité, within forty miles of Paris. Catharine at last yielded. On August 8, 1570, a treaty was signed at St. Germain-en-Laye. It established liberty of religion in all cities which the Protestants then held, restored confiscated property, released all prisoners, granted civil equality, and, as pledges of good faith, assigned to the custody of the Huguenots La Rochelle, Cognac, Montauban, and La Charité.

Coligny was now the most powerful man in France. His position drew upon him

the determined enmity of Catharine. Over the king he gained a personal influence, which bore fruit in a complete change of policy. Charles IX. had himself married the daughter of the tolerant Emperor Maximilian; he now projected the betrothal of his sister Marguerite to Henry of Navarre, and the marriage of his brother, the Duc d'Anjou, with Queen Elizabeth. He wrote to his ambassador at Constantinople that he was determined to make war upon Spain, and troops were actually despatched to the assistance of the Low Countries. All Coligny's dreams seemed to be approaching realization. He received permission to equip another expedition to America; he revived his hopes of founding a colonial empire, strengthening the French navy, humiliating Spain. "Qui empesche la guerre d'Espagne," he said to Tavannes, "n'est pas bon Français et a une croix rouge dans le ventre." The unhappy, red-haired youth who bears the sinister title of Charles IX. had thrown himself with characteristic impetuosity into the arms of Coligny. His conduct was innocent of duplicity. He was quite unable to follow the cold-blooded, temporizing policy of his mother. But he was not without good qualities. Musical and artistic in his tastes, more truthful than any of his family, he was capable of true affection. Only his detestable education had exaggerated all his faults. Distracted by the intrigues of his family, morbidly jealous of his brother, he was eager to escape his mother's ascendancy. Too weak, irresolute, and capricious to resist her influence, he passed with sudden alternations from one extreme of feeling to another, just as his excitable temperament found relief in blowing horns, forging armor, or hunting like a madman. Over such a mind Coligny's hold was necessarily precarious.

In August, 1572, the king's resolution was shaken by the defeat of the French troops on their way to William of Orange and the massacre of the West Indian expedition. Catharine, alarmed at the personal influence of Coligny, redoubled her efforts to regain her ascendancy. Yet the admiral refused to listen to the warnings of his friends. He trusted that his hold upon the king was strong enough to resist the machinations of his enemies. He still lingered in Paris, although it was the general impression that some calamity awaited the Huguenots. Strangers meeting in the road discussed the admiral's infatuation. Duplessis-Mornay warned him

that the coming marriage of Henry of Navarre concealed some treacherous design.* That event was celebrated on August 18, and from Monday to Friday masks, tournaments, and festivities were held with lavish magnificence. So serene was Coligny's confidence in the success of his anti-Spanish policy that at the marriage ceremony he pointed to the banners of Jarnac and Moncontour floating in Notre Dame, and promised to replace them with better. Yet in the midst of this seeming prosperity Catharine and the Guises had plotted the admiral's death. On Friday, August 22, Coligny was returning from the Louvre to his hotel in the Rue de Bétizy. Suddenly a shot was fired from an empty corner house which belonged to Madame de Nemours, the widow of the murdered Duc de Guise. The admiral's left arm was shattered, and a finger of his right hand was broken. When the house was forced open, the blunderbus was found smoking on the table, but the would-be assassin had escaped. At the news of the attempt upon Coligny's life the Huguenot leaders assembled in his room. Some were anxious to leave Paris at once. Others used threatening language and loudly demanded justice. But the investigation which was promised into the attempted assassination, the concern and promises of the king, and the confidence of "Porte-paix" Teligny, the son-in-law of Coligny, allayed the fears of the Huguenots. Throughout the twenty-third a number of suspicious circumstances increased their misgivings. It was rumored that Montmorency and his troops had been hastily summoned to Paris. Men on horseback were met bearing pistols and carbines at their saddles, in defiance of the prohibition to bear arms. Porters were seen carrying weapons into the Louvre. Yet Teligny remained so confident in the king's good faith that no watch was kept even at the admiral's hotel, and that just before daybreak on the twenty-fourth Coligny was almost alone.

In the gardens of the Louvre a plot had been hatched which not improbably had been long premeditated by Catharine. On the evening of the twenty-third the queen mother revealed her plan to Charles IX., and urged him to sanction its execution in self-defence against the attacks of the Huguenots. At last Charles yielded to the persistence of those about him. "If you wish it," he said, "kill the ad-

miral. But every Huguenot in France must be killed, too, that none may live to reproach me." The order was enough. The gates of the city were closed; the boats fastened up; the Catholics were distinguished by white crosses of paper or other material; in each house in certain streets a man was ready, with his arms beside him and a light, prepared for some unknown enterprise. The final signal was to be given by the tolling of the great bells of the Louvre and St. Germain l'Auxerrois. Just before daybreak came a summons at the gate of the admiral's hotel from a messenger sent, as he alleged, by the king to speak with Coligny. No sooner had La Bonne opened the gate than he was stabbed by an officer of the royal guard, who entered with his musketeers, killing all they met. Resistance was useless. The murderers burst into the room where Coligny was quietly seated. A German named Behm struck the first blow, and the murder was soon completed.* In the dim twilight Guise and his followers sat on horseback in the courtyard below. The body was thrown from the window; a lighted torch was brought, and Guise, dismounting, wiped the blood from the face and looked on the features of the dead man. "It is he!" he cried joyfully, and kicked the body with his foot, just as Henry III. afterwards spurned his corpse at Blois. From dawn to night Paris rang with the hammering of bells, the cries of men and women, groans, shrieks, and execrations, the reports of arquebuses, the crash of doors broken down with axes or stones, the shouts of the rabble as they sacked and pillaged the houses or dragged the dead bodies through the streets to the river. Sunday and Monday, August 24 and 25, were clear, bright days, and the king, standing at the windows of the Louvre, said that the sky itself rejoiced at the slaughter of the Huguenots. At noon on Monday a hawthorn bush burst into blossom in the churchyard of St. Innocent. The portent, which the author of the "Réveille-Matin" declares to have been

* This is the account given by the Réveille-Matin des Français (see *Memoires of Gaspard de Coligny*, translated and edited by D. D. Scott, Edinburgh, 1844, 8vo.), by De Thou, by Courtilz de Sandras (see *La Vie de Gaspard de Coligny*, Cologne, 1686, 12mo), and in Golding's *Lyf*. Another account says that the admiral resisted bravely with his sword and afterwards with his bed-clothes (see Layard, *The Massacre of St. Bartholomew*, illustrated from the State Papers in the Archives of Venice, London, 1888, 8vo, p. 23). A third account says that the admiral was compelled to leap from the window into the courtyard below, where, "his limbs all broken, he was immediately despatched" (Layard, p. 6).

* *Mémoires de Duplessis-Mornay*, i. 38.

a trick of a pious friar, was interpreted to signify the restoration of the lost prosperity of France; and the people, streaming back from this miraculous spectacle, rejoicing at the sign of God's approval, went to the admiral's lodgings, where they found his dead body, which they trailed through the streets to the water's edge. The headless trunk, after being slashed and mangled with knives and daggers, was hung up by the heels on the gibbet of Mont-faucon.*

At the time of his death Coligny was only fifty-six years of age. He was not the venerable patriarch it is the fashion to represent him, but still active and vigorous. His life at first sight seems a failure. He failed to establish religious liberty, to found a colonial empire, to humiliate Spain. While he lived his foreign and domestic policy was rejected. But it was on the lines which he marked out that Henry of Navarre, Richelieu, and Mazarin, raised France to the summit of her greatness. As a soldier he scarcely ever won a victory; yet the Venetian ambassador says he was entitled to greater fame than Hannibal, seeing that he made head against vastly superior forces, and retained the fidelity of his mercenaries even when their pay was in arrear and their booty lost in their successive defeats.† If the cause of religious liberty had triumphed, the monarchy might have been limited, and national life would not have been hemmed in between absolutism on the one side and intolerance on the other, till the torrent of revolution broke the barriers. In Coligny's character the man of religion did not overpower the patriot or the statesman. The greatest blot on his public career is the surrender of Havre to Elizabeth; yet Throgmorton spoke the truth when he said that the admiral was "a bad Englishman but a good Frenchman." Though the soul of the Reformed movement, his influence was always on the side of peace. He took a wide view of the interests both of the Calvinists and of France. In him the nation lost the one man who was trusted by both sides. He was a Huguenot, but not a narrow sectary. And in the next twenty-five years France had bitter cause to regret the loss of his political insight, prudence, moderation, and incorruptible integrity.

* For the ultimate fate of Coligny's remains see Lenoir, *Musée des Monuments Français*, tome iv., p. 20, et seqq.

† Boschet, *La Diplomatie Vénitienne: les Princes d'Europe au Seizième Siècle*, p. 536.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
MADELEINE'S STORY.

CHAPTER III.

UNCLE LLEWELLYN.

I CANNOT remember the time when we had not heard of Uncle Llewellyn. "Llewellyn and I," was how mother's stories about her childhood always began, and from that they wandered on with the brother and sister, out from the gloomy indoors life, overshadowed by one awful presence through the trim sweet garden away to the lonesome hills and threading torrents, to the sound of wind and water in freedom and frolic and love. Uncle Llewellyn was mother's twin brother, her childhood's sole companion; and every reminiscence of him was precious. Mother had a way in saying his name even, of making it sound like the stanza of a love-song or a cadence of passionate music, for she took each syllable up into her heart before she gave it utterance. There was a strain of pathos, too, that continually invaded the melody, as if she would have said, "Poor Llewellyn." But she never did say that; on the contrary, there was always something of the hero about him, whether in good fortune or evil fortune.

Mother's old home did not lie very far away from ours; we were in Shropshire, and her childhood was passed just over the border in Wales. But there was all the difference between our side of the border and hers. "Over the border" was like a magic sentence that took us at once into another world. I had a distinct picture of the house where mother was born formed in my mind out of mother's stories of it. The coloring was dark, and the surroundings weird and exciting to a degree. I have seen the place since; and as I look up at the little sketch I made of it a year ago, I cannot match the two images in any outward detail; and yet I was right in my impression, for houses are not themselves by reason of shape or color, or any outward thing; they receive individual existence from the people who live in them, and there was a presence in mother's old home which darkened it and touched the young lives of brother and sister with the excitement of strong contrasts. Inside the house there was gloom, the surroundings were magically beautiful.

Whenever mother spoke of her father the expression of her face altered; curious hard lines formed round the lips, dark fire came into her eyes. Her voice grew

different too. "He never understood Llewellyn," she used to say, and our hearts indorsed that condemnation with instant sympathy. I never asked questions about our grandfather, for the mention of him was sure to bring a shadow over our talk, and mother refrained as a rule from detailing painful circumstances to us. But one day, after a series of anecdotes concerning the virtues and wisdom of a dog of Llewellyn's, one of his numerous pet animals, mother ended her tale with the refrain, "Poor little David!" and Gladys hastily asking, "Why do you call him 'poor' mother? Did he come to a bad end?" we were told how he had been found killed by poison, his body thrown out on the hillside over the garden wall. Our horror must have been almost as great, I think, as the horror of his young master and mistress when the little body was first seen; and when mother added, "David had offended your grandfather," the picture of a monster assumed distinct form in my mind. Theo said, I remember, "But where was your mother, mother; couldn't she have saved David?" Then silence fell upon us all. Gladys and I had always supposed the mother of that house was dead, for nobody had ever mentioned her to us; but when Theodora spoke, no answer or explanation of any kind was given.

Once when we were little toddling things we saw Llewellyn. 'It must have been very soon after our mother's second marriage, when we had been living at the rectory about a year. It was before Wynne was born, I know. "Yes, here are my children Llewellyn; now at last I can show them to you," mother said, and whilst clinging round her, we three chubby baby girls were made to hold out hands and look up at the slim young-looking uncle whose name was well known to us even then.

Uncle Llewellyn and mother and we spent the whole of one day together. We got very friendly with the tall man before long, and pestered him for high jumps and races, and I remember that he was very good-natured. I suppose now that day was a tragic one to mother. Uncle Llewellyn had come to say good-bye before leaving England, indefinitely it seemed; for when we used to say to mother afterwards, "When is Uncle Llewellyn coming home, mother?" mother always sighed and looked away, and turned the talk to something else. So that long day that Uncle Llewellyn spent at the rectory was the beginning of the

tragedy. Well it is for us that we don't know beginnings when we see them, that we often mistake them for endings, and smile where tears are due.

It was dark when Uncle Llewellyn went away. The clear, musical tones of his voice sounded in the doorway as he and mother exchanged good-byes. The light of the lamp hurt mother's eyes as she came in from the darkness, and she shaded them with an uplifted hand. It was the light that made the eyes glisten as with tears, for the mouth was smiling. In a minute she caught us up and kissed us, and merrily chased us to bed. "This is the end of all difficulties for Llewellyn," I am sure she was saying in her heart; "and everything is going to be well with him from this day always." And for herself? What had become of her own grief at parting from him? (It had cleared away absolutely I believe, dissolved by the force of her love. I remember a laugh of real joy she gave when the first letter came from Uncle Llewellyn. I recall nothing about succeeding letters for a long time, excepting that the stamps occupied us a good deal, and that the scrawliness of the handwriting had a vague interest for us.

The next time I saw Uncle Llewellyn — but I must not go on to that day yet. There were hearsays and signs. We heard the name spoken now and then by our stepfather, not in mother's tones; we, at least I, grew to be conscious of contention in the air, setting in from some quarter unawares at intervals. Then mother would look jaded and ill, until the storm somehow lumbered away, for no reason connected with the life we were cognizant of. Once it flashed upon me that these seasons followed the coming of foreign letters, and I began to watch and to fit the events together. I was then first aware how seldom any letters did come from abroad, and mother did not seem to notice this, indeed I felt certain that she rested when they did *not* come. Yet the sweet child-stories were still often told, and in the telling of them smiles came breaking over the beautiful mouth as of old, and the eyes grew liquid in the love-light that shone through them.

It was during the terrible days of the period of tumult, whilst mother's anguish was at its height, that Martha told Gladys and me all I knew for a long time of what had happened about Uncle Llewellyn. Theodora was not mistaken, she had seen our uncle on the day of our garden feast. He did not look like a beggar then, Martha assured us; but there was something

wrong she knew at the time, for he would not come into the house until he was certain of finding our mother alone. He made a friend of little Thee that day, and sent her with a message to mother. Theodora must have promised secrecy to her, she would never have given her word to a stranger.

After that first visit he often came and went, Martha said, and until nearly the end our stepfather knew nothing of it. Of how he came to be hanging about our place at Christmas when mother was away Martha could not tell. I told her about Theo's fancy of seeing his face against the glass of the passage window.

Uncle Llewellyn had been the haunting shadow of mother's life that autumn and winter and cold spring. She never could refuse him anything; and Martha told us how one trinket after another had gone, and everything valuable mother possessed—even the watch, that still made believe to be in its place by means of a pierced scallop-shell slipped inside her waist-band. Mother's beautiful furs were sold at last; she said she could not bear to wear them, because Theodora had loved them so.

The secret visitor came and went, and looked shabbier as time went on; he was often the worse for drink, Martha said. She knew that mother and Thee had met him on the last evening of the mission when they came home so late. Things were getting rapidly worse by that time. Sometimes Uncle Llewellyn went away for several weeks together; when he came back he was dreadful to look at. "He took up hopelessly with bad companions, *joined a gang of thieves.*" I shall never forget how those whispered words of Martha's made me shiver, whilst Gladys's eyes grew large, and her face flushed and took a sort of wild expression. It was after one of his long absences that Gladys saw Uncle Llewellyn and mother standing such a long time in the rain. The next day he took refuge in the rectory, hoping it would prove a safe hiding-place, for the police were after him then—and mother would have given her life to save him. Martha knows the plan of escape she had contrived. If only a few things had fallen out a little differently, it would have succeeded, and then—Well I suppose things really never could be different from what they are. Anyhow, Llewellyn was *not* saved.

After the crisis when mother went away, we heard no more of him. I think we forgot even to wonder what had become of him. We only had that one talk with

Martha in the time of tumult, and the partial relief that came when mother seemed somehow to have been lifted up above reach of the tormenting fiends, closed the terrible past: Why look at it or think of it any more? I heard afterwards that Uncle Llewellyn had been sent to prison. After all, his offence could not have been a very serious one, or perhaps it was only that nothing very dreadful against him was proved, for the term of his imprisonment was a short one. But, as I said, we knew nothing of this at the time I am writing about, and never thought about Uncle Llewellyn at all.

The open grave was in October. Christmas came round again at last.

"Bring us a great many candles," Gladys said, on the evening before Christmas day. "Madeleine and I are going to sit up very late in the schoolroom reading."

She insisted upon Wynne going early to bed, however, and carried him off herself. Then she drew the curtains across the schoolroom window, which was at the front of the house and overlooked the garden gate (the schoolroom was over the hall and front door), made the fire half up the chimney, lighted candles on the mantelpiece and upon the schoolroom table, drew two rickety armchairs to the fireside, piled books in a heap between us, and settled herself to look in the fire. After all Gladys could not turn herself into an absorbed reader by force of will. She was terribly restless, poor child, and my heart was bleeding. What could I do to help her? I don't think we did help each other except by being close in bodily presence. My heart yearned over Gladys; she could not bear things as I could and can. We managed to stay up in the schoolroom until twelve o'clock. The last hour from eleven to twelve was a quite silent and idle one. Even I could not read. Gladys put no more fuel on the fire after eleven struck. There was an old tall clock in our schoolroom which had come from mother's home. It stood against the wall, between the fireplace and the window, just behind where we were sitting. It had a loud tick; the marked, even sounds soothed us a little that night. Gladys sat on the ground and leaned her head against my knee. By-and-by she threw her handkerchief over her face—a favorite habit of hers when she was tired. I looked into the embers then; Gladys's right hand lay loosely in my left, the moments ticked away, the clock began to strike twelve. Then Gladys sprang to

her feet. "We can go to bed now, Madeleine, can't we?" I hesitated a moment and looked round the room. The candles were sputtering and flaring; two had gone out. The clock finished striking. Hush! there was a knock at the front door under the window. Just *one* rap. Nothing answered the rap; no sound within. Had every one gone to bed, then, except us two? even our stepfather? That wasn't likely; he always sat up till twelve.

"Perhaps it was fancy," I said, "and there wasn't a rap at all. Nobody would be likely to rap in the middle of the night." Listen; it came again, one rap, louder this time. Then we heard the study door open, and footsteps treading the hall to the door. Everything sounded clearly in the silent house. Gladys and I stood close together and listened. We heard our stepfather undraw the bolts and chains, and take down the bell that hung inside the shutter, then he opened the door, and there came a pause in sound, of a few seconds only, and after that the door was banged to with an angry noise, barred and locked within, and we heard our father's retreating footsteps. Instinctively we drew towards the window, and putting our ears within the drawn curtains, heard a man walking down the gravel walk, and soon came the click of the garden gate, and then everything was silent inside and outside.

I don't know how I felt, it was like a lump of ice being formed in my heart. We never said to each other, "Who could it be?" or "what has happened?" We got into bed somehow, and somehow fell asleep; but I awoke often between then and the morning, and always with a feeling of the intense cold of the night. It was freezing bitterly out of doors.

The Christmas day that followed was a dreary one. Morning prayers were read in the church; there was nothing else to mark the day. Wynne's chilblains were so bad that he did not care to take a walk with us after the service. We thought we might perhaps get up a little feeling of exhilaration if we went for a tramp along the frosty roads. The sun had broken through the morning fog whilst we were in church. There was not any snow on the ground; but the trees were covered with rime, and now the beauty of the cold giant kingdom could be understood. I always thought of the winter season as the reign of the giants of old Norse mythology — terrible giants they were, and my heart rebelled against them — but I never could deny the beauty, weird and

piercing, of a winter landscape in the sunshine. The sun-god at midday even could win no victory there, it is true; but he cast his better magic over the enchanted land. We almost ran along, our footsteps clattered, we did not speak. I began to feel not only the glow that exercise gives to the body, but the rhythmic flow of imagination which this communicates to the mind. I was happy for the space of half a mile or so. We came to the cross-roads where the sign-post stands, and were hurrying on straight ahead without changing our direction, when we noticed a small group of people to the left of us, standing looking at something by the roadside under the hedge. Gladys led the way to join the group, and I followed her.

"Poor body!" I heard a woman say, "he must have crept under the hedge to die." "He's starved to death, I doubt," said another.

We pressed between the speakers and saw too; the body of a man, in ragged and scanty clothing, sitting as he had died under the branches of a bare black-thorn, arms fallen to the sides, mouth slightly open, hollow cheeks, short, stiffened hair, eyes closed, — Oh! perhaps he was asleep when he died. I hope he was asleep. He must have been asleep, and he didn't know everything so very dreadfully.

I looked at Gladys. She was as white as the corpse before us. I pulled her away. "Come away, Gladys," I said; "we cannot do any good here."

So we went home together, and neither of us spoke again until we were inside our own garden, and when Gladys told me, "That man is Uncle Llewellyn, Madeleine. It's the very same I saw with mother." But no one else seemed to know who it was.

Two days after the body was buried on the pauper side of the churchyard. Our stepfather read the funeral service over the grave, of course. I wondered did the sound of the rectory door being banged in the middle of the night, echo in his ears? It did continually in mine, and with it came a sense of shame and sin new to me in those days.

We made wreaths of ivy into two love-knots, put one upon the grass that covered mother's mound, and laid the other above the nameless grave; and all the time I kept repeating to myself one verse out of a favorite hymn of Theodora's: —

Heart of Christ, oh! cup most golden,
Taking of Thy cordial blest,
Soon the sorrowful are holden
In a gentle, healthful rest.

Thou anxieties art easing,
Pains implacable appeasing,
Grief is comforted by love,
Oh! what wine is there like love!

The words did not seem to apply much, but the refrain haunted me. "Oh! what wine is there like love!" and I thought of mother's heart, and that there must be life somewhere for Llewellyn the beloved.

CHAPTER IV OVER THE BORDER.

TWO years passed — years of feeble impression on my memory — and then a day stands out like a hill from the plain. Gladys was fifteen that day. I have called Gladys our June rose. "Rose of the world," I said to myself that first of June; and surely no rose could have been found in the world to match her. Had she suddenly grown like our mother, I wondered, as I saw her move about the breakfast-room, stooping here and there to arrange a flower or an ornament? The tenderest possible pink bud was lying in one of the fair coils about her head. What was it that awakened such a thought in me? Mother's hair was a golden glory, and Gladys's crown was only soft and fair. I could not tell. The breath of some reminiscence was astir in me, I think, and it opened my eyes to see that Gladys was already a woman. Gladys was grown up; she was a rose, and not a rosebud any longer, though the dew was still upon the petals. I am a year older than Gladys, but I felt like a child beside her that day. She was very sedate, I remember, as if something was restraining her usual sudden impulses. A change was awaiting us, and Gladys was prepared for it. I never prepared, because I wrap myself up in phantasm; and at that distance of time after our bitter grief I had wandered far into the realm of fancy. There is, however, one thing I am glad to remember about my dreams at that time. They were not so often personal as they had been in my childhood. I was becoming more and more capable of falling in love with what lay outside myself; the places that surrounded me were dear to me in themselves. There was a cluster of lilac and laurestina bushes at one corner of the grass plot where a blackbird built every spring. I used to stand outside the bushes in the sunshine and peer into the labyrinth of leaves, and trace the flickering light as it threaded the intricate ways. At morning and evening love-notes sounded from within; at midday silence reigned through

the world of the little birds. I used to speculate what sort of consciousness they had; and every year the same sweet mystery of life perplexed me. From that nest in the bushes my fancy stepped far; but the place was a symbol to me, and the ground-stuff of many histories. Then there was the gate that led from the garden into the field. Some years the field was used for pasture, and some for meadow. To open that gate in the meadow years and walk through the grass about a week before the hay-harvest began, looking into the faces of all the flowers whilst the seeded grass rippled through my fingers, and Venus's looking-glass strewed itself like pearls deep down, just above the ground — well, the first few minutes of such a walk gave me the greatest feeling of exhilaration I have ever known. I leaned on the gate that summer morning and repeated a favorite nursery rhyme to myself: —

When all the pleasant meadow-lands
Are bare, and still, and green,
They never look so bright to me
As in the spring they've been.
I like to see the meadow-sweet
In the wind move to and fro;
Purples growing high in the grass,
Red pimpurnels below.

Just then a servant from the house came to summon me to the study, where she said my stepfather wanted to speak to Gladys and me. Gladys was there before me. I came through the open French window into the study; Gladys sat facing me as I came in; my stepfather was standing in front of the fireplace, sideways to her. He had been telling her something, I could see, and he looked confused and nervous; but Gladys, quietly listening, had a slight smile upon her lips. When I came in, the story had to be told over again; my stepfather had to tell it, for he got no help from Gladys. It need not have surprised me so very much. It was two years since our mother died, and her husband was going to be married again — that was all. Anybody could have told us that such a thing would happen sooner or later. Poor Wynne! It would be the happiest thing for Wynne, his father assured us, and the best. I thought of the coldness of the relations between him and us that existed ever since I could remember. It hadn't been good for us particularly to have a stepfather. No; I could not help feeling sorry for Wynne. And for ourselves — our stepfather politely explained to us that

we must go away. He had made an arrangement with our grandfather, he said, that we were to be taken into the old home in Montgomeryshire. We had a week before us in which to take leave of our home, collect our treasures and belongings, say good-bye to all our friends, separate ourselves from our little brother, and go.

Gladys took everything more simply than I did; she cried at the right times, when we were saying our good-byes to friends, or taking leave of favorite spots. I couldn't cry, although I felt as if I were leaving a part of myself everywhere. Some people say it takes a great many selves to make up one person, and I think this must be true, and that we leave a self behind us in the places we love best—astral bodies. I don't know, but the idea expresses a little the feeling I had of a dissipation of my proper person taking place every day during that dreadful week, so that I could not imagine what there would be left of me at the end of it to go away.

By the time we were to set off Gladys had cheered up a little. "You know, Madeleine," she said, "it will be a great change"—it was just that I hated. Gladys was chiefly occupied in speculations about our grandfather—the old ogre of our childish imagination. Would he be a real tyrant? However real, Gladys was prepared to resist and determined to conquer. In short, the calculation as to how much of her own way she should contrive to get, and how little of his own will our grandfather might be allowed to keep, formed the staple of her thoughts and talk during our travel. I let her run on—what did it matter? I was crying all the time.

A shabby car met us at the junction station, where we were left by the train, for Colwyn (that was the name of our grandfather's place) was seven miles off. Driving up and down hill, along muddy lanes, crossing streams here and there, passing through Welsh-looking hamlets, seeing for the first time un-English faces, roused me to wonder if we should really get inside the magic of those old tales of mother's, if we were going to live in the atmosphere of them ourselves. We looked out curiously for the first view of the house. It looked commonplace enough as we drove up to it—a long, stone building, with one-half the roof higher than the other, a stone wall outside the garden, thickly growing trees behind, the drive up to the door uneven, rutted,

and overgrown with weeds, all very neglected and unhappy-looking. It was like an ogre to surround himself with dreariness. It was a dreary reception, too, that we had from our grandfather's house-keeper, a melancholy-looking woman, who told us Mr. Colwyn was engaged with a friend and could not see us. "I'll tell you what, Madeleine," said Gladys, as we were supping together, "this is exactly like one of our old plays; going a journey, don't you remember, stopping by mistake at the thieves' house in a wood, seeing nobody, having supper by ourselves, stumbling over a bloody dagger on the stairs, being all of us murdered in the night, at least all but, saved just in the nick of time." If things had been a little better, I think they would have been a little worse somehow. I was glad to be left alone with Gladys, and not to have to seem pleased to see anybody. So we went to bed in two slips of rooms, with wooden walls, that led into one another by a step, and had no door between. All the passages went up and down in steps, and there were no carpets anywhere up-stairs, excepting one torn scrap upon a landing. "I never thought our grandfather was poor," Gladys said, and it was a new idea to me. Everything was new, we had stepped straightway into a new life.

"I can't make him out, Madeleine." Gladys had been standing by the window in the hall looking absorbed for five minutes or more. This was whilst we were waiting for breakfast one morning about a week after our arrival. "Him" was our grandfather. I waited to hear what else Gladys would say. "Do you think he's nice?" I didn't, but I said nothing. I knew what Gladys meant. She hadn't had a single tussle with him yet, and Gladys measured people, as a rule, by the amount of freedom they accorded herself. Just then we heard him come into the dining-room, and we went in, too, by the door from the hall. Our grandfather was a large man with broad shoulders, and he stooped a good deal. His head was well shaped, and he had a quantity of white hair. His face was florid; his mouth was large, and had a scornful expression, I thought. The eyes were the feature that puzzled me. He scarcely took any notice of us; but when he did so, his manner was brusque. In short, he was much more rough than any man we had seen before. Gladys was not very sensitive about roughness, and I don't know that I minded it much. It was only another part of the

strangeness of everything at Colwyn; and so long as he did not interfere with us, what did it matter? But as it happened that very morning, war was declared between him and Gladys.

As I said, our grandfather had not hitherto taken much notice of us. That morning it seemed as if he thoroughly took in Gladys for the first time. He looked at her in a fixed, considering way, followed with his eyes the motions of her tall, rather full figure, drew some conclusion or other from his observations — perhaps was struck, as I had been, by the combined freshness and ripeness about her whole person. For want, I suppose, of anything else to say, Gladys announced during the meal (silent for the most part, as all our meals had been at Colwyn) that she was going to walk over the hills to a certain village she mentioned five or six miles away.

It might have been Gladys's independent tone that irritated Mr. Colwyn. It had not surprised me; I know Gladys's way. She is not really wilful — not more than any one ought to be. Instantly our grandfather insisted that Gladys should not go as she had said; that the roads were not safe for a young girl to walk so far alone. He could not have said anything less likely to turn Gladys from her purpose. "It was absurd to make any difficulty about it," she answered; "but, for company's sake, she would take Hoel with her." Hoel was a bloodhound of our grandfather's, and Gladys had made friends with him. Perhaps the very fact of her having done so, was another offence to his old master, whose irritation rose into passion at Gladys's last remark. His eyes literally flashed fire, and I was more puzzled than ever about his eyes. They looked dead generally, cased over as if there was no passage through them either way; now the fire leaped through. I wondered Gladys didn't give in. There, indeed, the old ogre was revealed to us. It was grand to see how quiet Gladys kept under his torrent of words; she didn't flare up; she just took no heed of him at all, and I knew by that what she intended to do.

Mr. Colwyn was not a busy man. He lounged away the greater part of the mornings in his study, library, or smoking-room, whatever one might call his own peculiar den. He was something of a reader, I believe. Sometimes he would have his bailiff in to talk to, and sometimes he wandered about the place; but he kept his head down out of doors, and

never looked at anything. Perhaps he disliked to see how shabby all his belongings had become. He was a magistrate, we heard that morning for the first time; and it also came out that he was going to be away the whole day at a meeting in the nearest town. As soon as he was gone, I slunk off towards the garden without looking at Gladys; but very soon I heard the bang of the garden door in the wall, and recognized Hoel's bark, and a clear tone or two reached me — Gladys's voice talking to him. After that I pushed my way through bushes of guelder-rose and seringa and laburnums, all shabby and seeded by this time, past many trailing thorns of sweet-brier, until I came to the only part of the garden which bore the least resemblance to the "sweet, trim place" of mother's stories. This was a straight grass walk between rows of rose-trees. It was hedged in by taller shrubs on either side, and was beautifully sheltered and quiet. At one end of the walk there was a summer-house, from which, looking through the rose-trees, one saw the upper windows of that half of the house which stood the highest. At that time of the year the summer-house was a bower of honeysuckle, whose flowers hung over and round it in bunches. I walked down the grass walk towards this resting-place, lingering as I went to enjoy the sunshine and drink the sweetness of the air. The feeling of the rest here, and the consciousness I still had of the combat in Gladys's mind, struck me with a sense of contrast, and then suddenly I felt as if I had slipped back into the lives of another pair — the brother and sister whose history had been divided between the same combats and the same rest. On such a morning as this, I thought to myself, our mother in this very same place was shaken by the same tremor that troubles me to-day — conscious of a gathering contest of wills, dreading it, taking pause of serene enjoyment as I am doing this moment between the storms; and then the tension dropped a little, and I called up a day all clear from dawn to sunset, and breathed the joy of the children, open, undisturbed. "On such a day," I exclaimed, and I stood for a moment to take in all the lovely surroundings, "mother walked between the rose-trees with a — frozen corpse!" The image came suddenly across my mind, and the outward sunshine could not overpower it. So I hurried on to the summer-house and sat down there and tried not to think any more. For a little time I became absorbed watching a

family of wrens flitting in and out of the honeysuckle bush; but by degrees my thoughts went back to the shock which the intrusion of that death-image had given me, and I pondered on the wonder of unfolded destiny. If mother could have seen on even one such day as this the image my brain bears now—if she could have known what the bud of Llewellyn's life was going to unfold into—and to think that God knows the whole always—all at once, one may say. And I thought it is like this. We are like persons travelling in a train or carriage, who look out from a window upon the country as they pass, seeing just as much as can be taken in at one time by the framed space; we see things in succession. But any one who looks from a height at rest sees the whole simultaneously. And what is true of place is true of time. I turned this thought over in my mind as I sat under the honeysuckles, looking towards the house without seeing, until at last I found that I was watching something take place at a window in the gable end of the higher roof. The window had been opened since I began to look—the lattice having been fastened far back, and a figure inside the room had passed to and fro several times in front of the open space. As I began to be conscious of this, the figure came faceways to the lattice, and stood there opposite where I was sitting. The window was too far away for me to see the face distinctly. It looked small and white, I thought, and there was some kind of head-dress that formed a setting to the face. Presently I could see that the hands of the person were busied with something, and that the arms leaned a little way over the window-sill; a small stick was fastened in the wall below the sill, and then one hand unrolled from round the stick a small white flag. A light breeze caught it quickly, and floated the flag out to its full size. It was fringed with lace, and looked like a large muslin handkerchief or veil such as any one might use to cover a baby's face in the air. I remembered to have once seen a kerchief, beautifully soft and dainty, laid away amongst mother's pretty things, and hearing mother say it had been used for her when she was a baby. I always pictured to myself a lady's hand decked with rings like mother's spreading this handkerchief over the face of a little baby, and I used to say, "That must have been grandmother's hand." But we never heard anything about our grandmother, so there was nobody in my imagination to fit the hand. The flag from

the gable window drooped or fluttered as the breeze rose or fell, all alone. The hand that fixed it in its station left it there—the face vanished. After all, it was only a fichu or tippet belonging to one of the maids, I thought, hung out to dry; but at first it had seemed to me to be a vignette belonging to some little history.

Gladys came back from her walk in immense spirits. The expedition had been a great success. She had made acquaintance accidentally with, she assured me, the jolliest family, living at Rhoscollyn, half-way between Colwyn and the village she had walked to in the morning. They were rather the great people of the neighborhood, we found out afterwards; but all Gladys knew then was that they were coming to call upon us and meant to ask us to go and see them. "They don't like our grandfather," Gladys said. "I am sure of that by the way they spoke of him. Well, no more do I now." Just then I was listening nervously for the return of Mr. Colwyn.

We waited an hour at least for dinner that evening, and, after all, had it alone. Our grandfather brought some one home with him, whom he took into his private room, and we were left to ourselves.

"My luck, you see, child," Gladys was saying to me as, the dinner having been cleared away, and fruit put on the table (the custom of having dessert was new since we came; Gladys had wrung the concession from Miss Hughes, the house-keeper), we had turned our chairs, facing each other sideways, to the open window, and were beginning to enjoy the dusky hour, too light for candles and too dark for anything but talk. "Just my luck," Gladys was saying, when—the dining-room door opened. Gladys put the cherry back on her plate she was going to eat, and turned to look who was coming in. I could not have looked for the world, though I might have guessed that the feathery sound made by that entrance could not have heralded Mr. Colwyn. Tripping footsteps and a gentle rustling came out of the darkness of the doorway into the room towards where we were sitting, a chair was moved and placed between us, facing the window, and we were a party of three.

Poor little grandmother, that was the first time we saw her; it was the beginning of our knowing that we had a grandmother. Gladys had been watching her all the time since the door opened until she sat down between us. I watched Gladys, and the expression of her face

puzzled me; she was not frightened by the surprise,—she looked disgusted, I thought, as she was used to look when unwelcome visitors intruded; or was it something in the appearance of the newcomer that disgusted her? When, at last, I looked for myself at our guest, I felt as if I were opening a book and reading a history which I had known all along, or I should say now it felt as if my conscious and sub-conscious selves had run up against one another and were staying together with me for a long waking moment.

The face I looked into as into an open book was small and white; the features were small, all but the eyes; the little person belonging to the face was surprisingly fragile. I did not take in the details of the dress our grandmother had on that evening, but the grotesqueness of the whole appearance left a picture in my mind that always seems to belong to her. She had a white scarf or kerchief thrown across her head, and a thick band of something black was drawn across her forehead. The effect of the head-gear was to increase the largeness of her dark eyes, the poor eyes that had an unmistakable craze in them. She turned her face from one of us to the other and back again, as if she were looking for something she could not find, and at last her eyes rested on Gladys and then she laughed. It was the sort of laugh that rings like base metal, false, for there was no mirth in it. I could see that it made Gladys shrink, but I was too much interested to mind the discordance.

"Don't you know me?" the little lady said at last, still looking at Gladys. "Antoinette, my beautiful darling," and she put out her hand and touched Gladys's hair. Gladys couldn't help it, she started away from the touch and held her head out of reach. Then the little lady laughed again and looked at me. "Proud," she said, "like my Antoinette; and quite right too,—a beautiful girl has a right to be proud, she is a queen. *You* are not a beauty, my dear," she added as she scanned my face; "you've got nothing to be proud of. Are you the child of my Antoinette too? Are you two really sisters?" Gladys answered for me in her blunt way, saying something about my being better and cleverer than she was. But our grandmother only shook her head and laughed, and would have none of me.

After that we talked about our mother, for we had both taken in by that time who our visitor was. We told her that Gladys was not christened as our mother had

been, but only by the Welsh name of Gladys. This, however, she did not believe. Her own name was Gabrielle, she said, and the beautiful granddaughter was certain to have been called after her or after the beautiful mother.

The evening grew darker as we talked, and grandmother's spirits seemed to increase with the darkness. At the beginning of our conversation she had asked questions chiefly, and listened to Gladys and me; by-and-by she began to make confidences to us, commonplace enough at first; stories of Mr. Colwyn's temper and tyrannical ways, complaints of servants, and of the difficulties she had in getting her clothes made as she liked them; then there came a sort of recklessness into her talk, and suddenly she drew her chair a little forward, and leaning over close to me, said, in a loud whisper, "You wouldn't know it by just looking at them, but they are all murderers, from Mr. Colwyn downwards. Every morsel of food they bring me is poisoned; fortunately I can detect it, so I baffle them, you see, for a time." There was a pause after she had said this, for we were too much puzzled to answer her. In a moment or two the moon rose above the trees and shone down upon us through the open window. I shall never forget the wistful, helpless expression on Grandmother Gabrielle's face, as she pushed her chair back again and looked up in the moonlight. Then there came a knock at the dining-room door, and grandmother started violently, and got up and crossed the room and left us, and we heard her disputing with some one outside, and two sets of footsteps died away along the passages together.

"Madeleine, let us go up-stairs to bed—anywhere to be by ourselves," Gladys cried, and there was a tremor in her voice as she spoke. "I can't bear this sort of thing. Oh, I do hope she won't come bothering us again! Madeleine, what *shall* we do if she comes after us?"

I knew what was in Gladys's mind. Our sad memories were crowding upon us in this desolate place. "Let us go to bed, let us try to forget this evening. Why, this is worse than grandfather, a thousand times worse."

Gladys began to cry. I didn't feel at all inclined to cry; on the contrary, I wanted to find out more about Grandmother Gabrielle, but I fell in with Gladys's mood, and we ran up to our rooms and locked the outer door and lighted candles. Then I made Gladys tell me of her adventures out of doors,

and about her new acquaintances; and we planned where we should receive them when they called, and how we would make the drawing-room look a little less shabby, and that we should put flowers about, and coax Miss Hughes to give afternoon tea to our visitors. It was the sort of talk that felt like putting on cheerful every-day clothes after being at a funeral. We managed to get a good laugh out of it at last, and by-and-by settled for the night.

By Gladys's stillness I knew that she soon fell asleep; but the first twittering of the birds began in the July morning before I had closed my eyes. There had been no noises in the house through the short night, and I thought at first when I heard a door down below open and shut, and then the front door do the same, and then a sound of people on the stairs, that the servants were about early, perhaps it was washing-day. By that time in my life I had had many dreadful surprises, but I scarcely think any one of them had shaken me more than did the surprise of the next few moments. There was such a curious halting about the sounds I heard, and at last a noise so like that of a fall, that, not able to bear the suspense of ignorance any longer, I got up, and opening the bedroom door cautiously, for fear of disturbing Gladys, went to the head of the stairs. Our grandfather was sitting, dressed as in the morning, upon the landing, leaning back against Miss Hughes's kneeling figure. She was trying to support him, and just as I came, she, having her back to me, not seeing me, began to speak to him. I couldn't believe my senses; she called him horrid names, she upbraided him, she scolded and taunted him as if he had been her inferior and she a hard mistress. But for all her scolding, she could not make him get up. He was helplessly drunk. My first impulse was to steal back to my room and lock myself in, and leave Miss Hughes to fight her battle with Mr. Colwyn as best she could. I hated her so for the way she spoke to him. I felt as if I couldn't help her. I almost hated him too; but he was our grandfather; he was a gentleman, and *she* — a common person — to speak to him *so*! In spite of myself, however, I came down to the landing and stood beside the housekeeper, and put my strength to hers, and between us we got him on his feet, and led him to his room, and there, I suppose, she put him to bed. When I was alone again I faced resolutely the discoveries of that day. Our grandmother was insane, Mr. Colwyn was a drunkard.

Gladys said, after I had told her all the

next day, that the trouble about grandmother was the worse of the two, and she has always said so; but then Gladys was not afraid of Mr. Colwyn. "Afraid of *him*, Madeleine," she said to me, after one of his outbursts of tyrannical anger. "Afraid of him? No; I despise him too much." And Mr. Colwyn himself felt this, and it was he who quailed before her. He seemed to understand ever after the day of their first quarrel that Gladys knew his secret vice. I don't think it troubled him to guess whether I knew about it or not, he always ignored me.

But if Gladys did not fear our grandfather, there was one person in the house whom she could never close round or use, who fairly baffled her — and that one was Eleanor Hughes, the housekeeper. The history about her came out by degrees; it was told to me, not to Gladys, and Gladys never knew it all, for I folded down that leaf in the family record, and kept the memory of it secret. It troubled me for a long time, but now I have really forgotten most of the details. Gladys could never understand what she called "Eleanor's cheek," and try as much as she could to put the housekeeper down, she never succeeded in doing so. My instinctive dislike to her developed into a well-grounded abhorrence. E. KEARY.

From The Contemporary Review.

ARISTOTLE AS A NATURALIST.

HAVING had occasion of late years to make myself acquainted with the observations and ideas of ancient writers upon matters connected with natural history, and having been thus more than ever impressed by the unique position which in this respect is held by Aristotle, it appears to me that a short essay upon the subject may prove of interest to readers of various kinds. Therefore, as far as space permits, I will render the results of my own inquiries in this direction; but as it is far from an easy task to estimate with justice the scientific claims of so pre-scientific a writer, I shall be greatly obliged to more professed students of Aristotle if they will indicate — either publicly or privately — any errors of fact or of judgment into which it may appear that I have fallen.

Aristotle died B.C. 322, in the sixty-third year of his age. As a personal friend and devoted pupil of Plato — who, in turn, was a friend and pupil of Socrates — his mind

was at an early age brought under the immediate influence of the best thinking of antiquity. Nevertheless, although entertaining a profound veneration for his master, like a true devotee of truth he did not allow his mind to become unduly dominated even by the authority of so august a tutor; and in after life he expressly broke away from the more mystical principles of Platonic method. While still a young man he was invested with the magnificent office of educating Alexander the Great. He held this position for a period of four years, and then the young prince, at the age of eighteen, became regent. It is interesting to note that the relations which subsisted between this greatest philosopher and this greatest general in the world's history were throughout relations of warmest friendship. Indeed, had it not been for the munificent aid which was afterwards given by Alexander, it would have been impossible for Aristotle to have prosecuted the work which he accomplished.

Questions have been raised, not only as to the authenticity of this work, but also as to the originality of much that is undoubtedly authentic. Into these questions, however, I need not go. Whether or not Aristotle borrowed from other writers without acknowledgment, it is certain that in his writings alone are preserved the records of early biological thought and observation, which would otherwise have been lost; and the preservation of these records is of more importance for our present purpose than is the question to whom such thought and observation were in every case due.

Whether we look to its width or to its depth, we must alike conclude that the range of Aristotle's work is wholly without a parallel in the history of mankind. Indeed it may be said that there is scarcely any one department of intellectual activity where the mind of this intellectual giant has not exerted more or less influence — in some cases by way of creation, in others by way of direction. The following is a list of the subjects on which Aristotle wrote: physics, astronomy, meteorology, zoology, comparative anatomy, physiology, and psychology; poetry, ethics, rhetoric, logic, politics, and metaphysics. Of these subjects he was most successful in his treatment of the second series as I have arranged them — or of the more abstract and least rigidly scientific. In his "Politics" he gave the outlines of two hundred and twenty-five constitutions, and although but a fragment of his whole work

in this direction has come down to us, it is still regarded as one of the best treatises that has ever been written on the subject. His "Ethics," "Rhetoric," and "Logic," also, still present much more than a merely historical interest; for he may be said to have correctly laid down the fundamental principles of these sciences — his analysis of the syllogism, in particular, having left but comparatively little for subsequent logicians to complete. And, lastly, his "Metaphysics" alone would have been sufficient to have placed him among the greatest thinkers of antiquity.

That his labors in the field of more exact science should not now present a comparable degree of value, is, of course, inevitable. At the time when he wrote the very methods of exact science were unknown; and I think it constitutes the strongest of all his many claims to our intellectual veneration that he was able to perceive so largely as he did the superior value of the objective over the subjective methods in matters pertaining to natural science. When we remember how inveterate and how universal is the bondage of all early thought to the subjective methods; when we remember that for the best part of twenty centuries after the birth of Aristotle, the intellect of Europe was still held fast in the chains of that bondage; and when we remember that even at the present time, with all the advantages of a long and painful experience, we find it so extremely difficult to escape it; when we remember these things, we can only marvel at the scientific instinct of this man who, although nurtured in the school of Plato, was able to see — darkly, it may be, and, as it were, in the glass of future things, but still was able to see — that the true method of science is the method of observation and experiment. "Men who desire to learn," he said, "must first learn to doubt; for science is only the solution of doubts;" and it is not possible more concisely to state the intellectual duty of scepticism, or the paramount necessity of proof, which thousands of years of wasted toil have now enabled all intelligent men more or less to realize.

Nevertheless, as I have said, the vision of scientific method which Aristotle had was a vision of that which is only seen in part; the image of the great truth which he perceived was largely distorted by passing through the medium of pre-existing thought. Consequently, of late years a great deal of discussion has taken place on the subject of Aristotle's method. On the one hand, it is maintained that he is

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entitled to the place which is usually assigned to Bacon as the father of the inductive methods; while, on the other hand, it is maintained that in respect of method he did not make any considerable advance upon his predecessors. In my opinion a just estimate lies between these two extremes. Take, for example, the following passages from his writings:—

We must not accept a general principle from logic only, but must prove its application to each fact, for it is in facts that we must seek general principles, and these must always accord with facts.

The reason why men do not sufficiently attend to the facts is their want of experience. Hence those accustomed to physical inquiry are more competent to lay down the principles which have an extensive application; whereas others who have been accustomed to many assumptions without the apposition of reality, easily lay down principles because they take few things into consideration. It is not difficult to distinguish between those who argue from facts, and those who argue from notions.

Many similar passages to the same effect might be quoted, and it is evident that the true method of inductive research could not well have its leading principles more clearly enunciated. And to say this much is in itself enough to place Aristotle in the foremost rank among the scientific intellects of the world. But it would be unreasonable to expect that this great herald of scientific method should have been able, with any powers of intellect, to have entirely emancipated himself from the whole system of previous thought; or in the course of a single lifetime to have fully learnt the great lesson of method which has only been taught by the best experience of more than twenty centuries after his death. Accordingly we find that, although he clearly divined the true principles of research, he not unfrequently fell short in his application of those principles to practice. In particular, he had no adequate idea of the importance of verifying *each step* of a research, or *each statement* of an exposition; and therefore it is painfully often that his own words just quoted admit of being turned against himself: "It is easy to distinguish between those who argue from facts and those who argue from notions." To give only a single example, he says that if a woman who has scarlet fever looks at herself in a mirror, the mirror will become suffused with a bloody mist, which, if the mirror be new, can only be rubbed off with difficulty. Now, instead of proceeding to verify this old wife's tale, he attempts to explain the

alleged fact by a rambling assemblage of absurd "notions." And numerous other instances might be given to the same effect. Nevertheless, upon the whole, or as a general rule, in his thought and language, in his mode of conceiving and grappling with problems of a scientific kind, in the importance which he assigns to the smallest facts, and in the general cast of reasoning which he employs, Aristotle resembles, much more closely than any other philosopher of like antiquity, a scientific investigator of the present day.

Thus, in seeking to form a just estimate of Aristotle's work in natural history, we must be careful on the one hand to avoid the extravagant praise which has been lavished upon him, even by such authorities as Cuvier, De Blainville, Isidore St. Hilaire, etc.; and, on the other hand, we must no less carefully avoid the unfairness of contrasting his working methods with those which have now become habitual.

In proceeding to consider the extraordinary labors of this extraordinary man, in so far as they were concerned with natural history, I may begin by enumerating, but without waiting to name, the species of animals with which we know that he was acquainted. From his works on natural history, then, we find that he mentions at least seventy species of mammals, one hundred and fifty of birds, twenty of reptiles, one hundred and sixteen of fish, eighty-four of articulata, and about forty of lower forms — making close upon five hundred species in all. That he was accustomed from his earliest boyhood to the anatomical study of animal forms we may infer from the fact of his father having been a physician of eminence, and an Asclepiad; for, according to Galen, it was the custom of the Asclepiads to constitute dissection part of the education of their children. Therefore, as Aristotle's boyhood was passed upon the seacoast, it is probable that from a very early age his studies were directed to the anatomy and physiology of marine animals. But, of course, it must not be concluded from this that the dissections then practised were comparable with what we understand by dissections at the present time. We find abundant evidence in the writings of Aristotle himself that the only kind of anatomy then studied was anatomy of the grosser kind, or such as might be prosecuted with a carving-knife as distinguished from a scalpel.

We generally hear it said that as a naturalist Aristotle was a teleologist, or a

believer in the doctrine of design as manifested in living things. Therefore I should like to begin by making it clear how far this statement is true; for, unquestionably, when such an intellect as that of Aristotle is at work upon this important question, it behoves us to consider exactly what it was that he concluded.

Now, I do not dispute — indeed it would be quite impossible to do so — that Aristotle was a teleologist, in the sense of being in every case antecedently convinced that organic structures are adapted to the performance of definite functions, and that the organism as a whole is adapted to the conditions of its existence. Thus, for example, he very clearly says: "As every instrument subserves some particular end, that is to say, some special function, so the whole body must be destined to minister to some plenary sphere of action. Just as the saw is made for sawing — this being its function — and not sawing for the saw."

But in any other sense than this of recognizing *adaptation* in nature, I do not think there is evidence of Aristotle having been a teleologist. In his "Metaphysics" he asks the question whether the principle of order and excellence in nature is a self-existing principle inherent from all eternity in nature herself; or whether it is like the discipline of an army, apparently inherent, but really due to a general in the background. Aristotle, I say, asks this question; but he gives no answer. Similarly, in his "Natural History," he simply takes the facts of order and adaptation as facts of observation; and, therefore, in biology I do not think that Aristotle can be justly credited with teleology in any other sense than a modern Darwinist can be so credited. That is to say, he is a believer in *adaptation*, or final end; but leaves in abeyance the question of *design*, or final cause. The only respect in which he differs from a modern Darwinist — although even here the school of Wallace and Weismann agree with him — is in holding that adaptation must be present in *all* cases, even where the adaptation is not apparent. In the case of rudimentary organs, he is puzzled to account for structures apparently aimless, and therefore he invents what we may term an imaginary aim by saying that nature has supplied these structures as "tokens," whereby to sustain her unity of plan. This idea was prominently revived in modern pre-Darwinian times; but in the present connection it is enough to observe that here, as elsewhere, Aristotle personifies nature as

a designing or contriving agency, having the attainment of order and harmony as the final end or aim of all her work. He appears, however, clearly to have recognized that, so far at least as science is concerned, such personification is, as it were, allegorical; for he expressly says that if he were asked whether nature works out her designs with any such conscious deliberation, or intentional adjustment of means to ends, as is the case with a builder or a shipwright, he would not be able to answer. All, therefore, that the teleology of Aristotle amounted to was this: he found that the hypothesis of purpose was a useful working hypothesis in his biological researches. There is nothing to show that he would have followed the natural theologians of modern times, who seek to rear upon this working hypothesis a constructive argument in favor of design. On the other hand, it is certain that he would have differed from these theologians in one important particular. For he everywhere regards the purposes of nature as operating under limitations imposed by what he calls absolute necessity. Monsters, for example, he says are not the intentional work of nature herself, but instances of the victory of matter over nature; that is to say, they are instances where nature has failed to satisfy those conditions of necessity under which she acts. Thus, even if there be a disposing mind which is the author of nature, according to Aristotle it is not the mind of a creator, but rather that of an architect, who does the best he can with the materials supplied to him, and under the conditions imposed by necessity.

Turning now to the actual work which Aristotle accomplished in the domain of biology, I will first enumerate his more important discoveries upon matters of fact, and then proceed to mention his more important achievements in the way of generalization.

He correctly viewed the blood as the medium of general nutrition, and knew that for this purpose it moved through the blood-vessels from the heart to all parts of the body, although he did not know that it returned again to the heart, and thus was ignorant of what we now call the circulation. But he was the first to find that the heart is related to the blood-vascular system; and this he did by proving, in the way of dissection, that its cavities are continuous with those of the large veins and arteries. Nor did he end here. He traced the course of these large veins and

arteries, giving an accurate account of their branchings and distribution. He knew perfectly well that arteries contain blood; and this is a matter of some importance, because it has been the habit of historians of physiology to affirm that all the ancients supposed arteries to contain air. In speaking of the cavities of the heart, he appears to have fallen into the unaccountably foolish blunder of saying that no animal has more than three, and that some animals have as few as one. But, although this apparent error has been harped upon by his critics, it is clearly no error at all. Professor Huxley has shown that what Aristotle here did was to regard the right auricle as a venous sinus, or as a part of the great vein, and not of the heart. The only mistake of any importance that he made in all his researches upon the anatomy of the heart and blood-vessels, was in supposing that the number of cavities of the heart is in some measure determined by the size of the animal. Here he undoubtedly lays himself open to the charge of basing a general and erroneous statement on a preconceived idea, without taking the trouble to test it by observation. But we may forgive him this little exhibition of negligence when we find that it was committed by the same observer, who correctly informs us that the heart of the chick is first observable as a pulsating point on the third day of incubation, or who graphically tells us that just as irrigating trenches in gardens are constructed to distribute water from one single source through numerous channels, which divide and subdivide so as to convey it to all parts, and thus to nourish the garden plants which grow at the expense of the water; so the blood-vessels start from the heart in a ramifying system, in order to conduct the nutritive fluid to all regions of the body. Lastly, Aristotle experimented on coagulation of the blood, and obtained accurate results as to the comparative rates with which the process takes place in the blood of different animals. He also correctly described the phenomenon as due to the formation of a meshwork of fibres; but he appears to have erroneously supposed that these fibres exist in the blood before it is drawn from the body.

So much, then, for his views upon the heart, the blood, and the blood-vessels. He was less fortunate in his teaching about the bladder, kidneys, liver, spleen, and so forth, because he had no sufficient physiological data to go upon. Still, one would think he might have avoided the error of

attributing the formation of urine to the bladder, seeing that he had gone so far as to perceive that the kidneys separate out the urine which, as he correctly says, then flows into the bladder. His chapters on the digestive tract display a surprisingly extensive and detailed investigation of the alimentary system of many animals; and the observations made are for the most part accurate. In particular, his descriptions of the teeth, œsophagus, epiglottis, and the mechanism of deglutition, display so surprising an amount of careful and detailed observation throughout the vertebrated series, that they read much like a modern treatise upon these branches of comparative anatomy. The same remark applies to his disquisition on horns. Where inaccurate, his mistakes here are mostly due to his ignorance of exotic forms.

Adipose tissue he correctly viewed as excess of nutritive matter extracted from the blood; and he noted that fatness is inimical to propagation. Marrow he likewise correctly regarded as having to do with the nutrition of bones; and observed that in the embryo it consists of a vascular pulp.

That Aristotle should have had no glimmering notion either of the nervous system, or of its functions, is, of course, not surprising; but to me it is surprising that so acute an observer should have failed to perceive the physiological meaning of muscles. Although he knew that they are attached to bones, that they occur in greatest bulk where most strength of movement is required—such as in the arms and legs of man, the breasts of birds, and so forth,—and although he must have observed that the muscles swell and harden when the limbs move, yet it never occurred to him to connect muscles with the phenomena of movement. He regarded them only as padding, having also in some way to do with the phenomena of sensation. Thus we appear to have one of those curious instances of feeble observation with which, every now and then, he takes us by surprise. To give parenthetically a still more strange example of what I mean, one would think that there is nothing in the economy of a star-fish or an echinus more conspicuous, or more calculated to arrest attention, than the ambulacral system of tube feet. Yet Aristotle, while describing many other parts of those animals, is quite silent about this ambulacral system. I think this fact can only be explained by supposing that he confined his observations to dead speci-

mens; but, as he was not an inland naturalist, even this explanation does not acquit him of a charge of negligence, which, when contrasted with his customary diligence, appears to me extraordinary.

His ignorance of the nervous system led him to a variety of speculative errors. In particular, he was induced to regard the heart as the seat of mind, and the brain as a bloodless organ, whose function it was to cool the heart, which he supposed to be not only the organ of mind, but also an apparatus for cooking the blood, and by it the food. The respiratory system was also conceived by him as a supplementary apparatus for the purpose of keeping the body cool—a curious illustration of early philosophical thought arriving at a conclusion which, to use his own terminology, was directly opposed to the truth. Nevertheless, the reasoning which landed him in this erroneous conclusion was not only perfectly sound, but also based upon a large induction from facts, the observation of which is highly creditable. The reason why he supposed the office of respiration to be that of cooling the body was because nearly all animals which respire by means of lungs exhibit a high temperature, and, imagining that temperature or "vital heat" was a property of the living soul, his inference was inevitable that the function of the lungs was that of keeping down the temperature of warm-blooded animals. Here, then, his error was due to deficiency of information, and the same has to be said of the great majority of his other errors. For instance, with regard to the one already mentioned about the heart being the seat of mind, this is usually said by commentators to have been due merely to the accident of the heart occupying a central position. And no doubt such was partly his reason, for he considered that position the noblest, and repeatedly argues that on this account it must be the seat of mind. But over and above this mystical, not to say childish reason, I think he must have had another. For seeing that the error is a very general one in early philosophical thought—we find it running through the Psalms, and it is still conventionally retained by all poetic writers—I think we must look for some more evident reason than that of mere position to account for it. And this reason I take to be the perceptible influence on the heart-beat which is caused by emotions of various kinds. Furthermore, Aristotle expressly assigns the following as another of his reasons: "In the embryo the heart appears in motion before all other parts,

as if it were a living animal, and as if it were the beginning of all animals that have blood."

Turning now for a moment to Aristotle's still more detailed discoveries in comparative anatomy and physiology, his most remarkable researches are, I think, those on the cetacea, crustacea, and cephalopoda. Here the amount of minute and accurate observation which he displayed is truly astonishing; and in some cases his statements on important matters of fact have only been verified in our own century—such, for instance, as the peculiar mode of propagation which has now been re-discovered in some of the cephalopoda.* He also knew the anomalous fact that in these animals the vitellus is joined to the mouth of the embryo; that in certain species of cartilaginous fish the embryo is attached to its parent by the intervention of a placenta-like structure; and, in short, detailed so many anatomical discoveries both as regards the vertebrata and invertebrata, that a separate article would be required to make them intelligible to a general reader. In this connection, therefore, I will only again insist upon the enormous difference between Aristotle and the great majority of his illustrious countrymen in respect of method. Unless it can be shown that an ancient writer has been led to anticipate the results of modern discovery by the legitimate use of inductive methods, he deserves no more credit for his guesses when they happen to have been right than he does when they happen to have been wrong. This, however, is a consideration which we are apt to neglect. When we find that an old philosopher has made a statement which science has afterwards shown to be true, we are apt to regard the fact as proof of remarkable scientific insight, whereas, when we investigate the reasonings which led him to propound the statement, we usually find that they are of a puerile nature, and only happened to hit the truth, as it were, by accident. Among a number of guesses made at random and in ignorance, a certain percentage may well prove right; but under these circumstances the man who happens to make a correct guess deserves no more credit than he who happens to have made an erroneous one. Indeed, he may deserve even less credit. For instance, when the Pythagoreans, on a basis of various mystical and erroneous speculations, propounded a kind of dim adumbra-

* Lewes, however, denies that the evidence is sufficient to show that Aristotle knew this.

tion of the heliocentric theory, far from deserving any credit for superior sagacity at the hands of modern science, they merit condemnation for their extravagant theorizing and unguarded belief. In their time, whatever evidence there was lay on the side of the then prevalent view that the sun moves round the earth. Therefore, when, without adducing any counter-evidence of a scientific kind, they affirmed that the earth moved round the sun, they were merely displaying the spirit of what the Yankees call "pure cussedness." That is to say, they were shutting their eyes to the only evidence which was available, and showing their own obstinacy by propounding a directly opposite view. The sound maxim in science is, that he discovers who proves; and this is a maxim which many classical scholars would do well to remember when writing about the scientific speculations of the early Greeks.

Now I have made these remarks in order again to emphasize the almost unique position which Aristotle holds among his contemporaries in this respect. Instead of giving his fancy free rein upon "the high *priori* road," he patiently plods the way of detailed research; and when he proceeds to generalize, he does so as far as possible upon the basis of his inductive experience.

Coming now to his generalizations, it was a true philosophical insight which enabled Aristotle to perceive in organic nature an ascending complexity of organization from the vegetable kingdom up to man. Instead of the three kingdoms of nature, which were afterwards formulated by the alchemists, and which in general parlance we still continue to preserve, namely, the mineral, vegetable, and animal — instead of these three kingdoms, Aristotle adopted the much more philosophical classification of nature into two divisions, the organic and the inorganic, or the living and the not-living. Nevertheless, he fell into the error — which was, indeed, almost unavoidable in his time — of supposing that there is a natural and a daily passage of the one into the other. However, he again shows his philosophical insight where he points out the leading distinctions between plants and animals, the former manifesting life in the phenomena of nutrition alone, including germination, growth, repair, and reproduction; while the latter, besides these, exhibit also the phenomena of sensation, volition, and spontaneous movement. He was not so fortunate in his attempts at

drawing the boundary-lines between plants and animals. For, while he correctly guessed, from erroneous observation, that sponges should be classified as animals, he decided in favor of placing the hydroid polyps among the plants; and he appears to have classified certain testaceous molluscs in the same category. Man, of course, he places at the head of the animal kingdom; and shows a profound penetration in drawing the true psychological distinction between him and the lower animals, namely, that animals only know particular truths, never generalize, or form abstract ideas.

His conception of life was more in accordance with that of modern science than that of any of the other conceptions which have been formed of it either in ancient times or the Middle Ages. For he seems clearly to have perceived the error of regarding the "Vital Principle" otherwise than as an abstraction of our own making. Life and mind in his view were abstractions pertaining to organisms, just in the same way as weight and heat are abstractions pertaining to inanimate objects. For convenience of expression, or even for purposes of research, it may be desirable to speak of weight and heat as independent entities; but we know that they cannot exist apart from material objects — that they are what we term qualities, and not themselves objects. And so with life and mind; they are regarded by Aristotle as qualities — or, as we should now say, functions — of organisms. And here we must remember that the whole course of previous speculation on such matters proceeded on the assumption that the vital principle was an independent entity super-added to organisms, serving to animate them as long as it was united to them, leaving them to death and decay as soon as it was withdrawn from them; and even then being itself able to survive as a disembodied spirit, enjoying its conscious existence apart from all material conditions. Thus it was that the creations of early thought peopled the world with ghosts and spirits more numerous than nature had supplied it with living organisms. Now Aristotle boldly broke away from this fundamental assumption of the vital principle as an independent and super-added entity. In the phenomena of life and mind he saw merely the functions of organism; he assigned to them both a physical basis, and clearly perceived that for any fruitful study of either we must have recourse to the methods of physiology.

The scientific genius which could have enabled a man in those days thus to have anticipated the temper of modern thought, appears to me entitled to our highest veneration. Here, perhaps, more than anywhere else, he showed his instinctive appreciation of the objective methods; and here it is that the longest time has been taken for mankind to awaken to the truth of his appreciation.

In subsequent centuries, when European thought drifted away from science into theology, the question was long and warmly debated whether or not Aristotle believed in the immortality of the soul. The truth of the matter is that his deliverances upon this question are more scarce than clear. The following brief passage, however, appears to show that he regarded the thinking principle, as distinguished from the animal soul, to be virtually independent of the corporeal organization: "Only the intellect enters from without. It alone is god-like. Its actuality has nothing in common with the corporeal actuality."

Aristotle appears to have been the first philosopher who at all appreciated the importance of heredity as a principle, not only in natural history, but also in psychology; for he distinctly affirms that the children of civilized communities are capable of a higher degree of intellectual cultivation than are children of savages.

Among his other more noteworthy enunciations of general truths, we may notice the following:—

"The advantage of physiological division of labor was first set forth," says Milne-Edwards, "by myself in 1827;," yet Aristotle had said repeatedly that it is preferable when possible to have a separate organ for a separate office; and that nature never, if she can help it, makes one organ answer two purposes, as a cheap artist makes "spit and candlestick in one."

Again, that the complexity of life varies with the complexity of organization; that the structural differences of the alimentary organs are correlated with differences of the animal's alimentation; that no animal without lungs has a voice, and that no animal is endowed with more than one adequate means of defence; that there is an inverse relation between the development of horns and of teeth, as also between growth and generation; that no dipterous insect has a sting; that the embryo is evolved by a succession of gradual changes from a homogeneous mass into a complete organism; that the development

of an organism is a progress from a general to a special form; these and numerous others are instances of generalization made by Aristotle, which have lasted, with but slight modifications of his terms, to the present day.*

Of these generalizations the most remarkable is the last which I have mentioned. For one of the greatest and most momentous controversies which the history of science has afforded is that which took place nearly two thousand years after the time of Aristotle, with regard to so-called evolution *versus* epigenesis. The question was whether the germ or egg of any organism contained the future or young organism already formed in miniature, and only requiring to be expanded in order to appear as the perfect organism, or whether the process of development consisted in a progress from the indefinite to the definite, from the simple to the complex, from what we call undifferentiated protoplasm to the fully differentiated animal. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when this subject was most warmly debated, the balance of scientific opinion inclined to what is now known to be the erroneous view that the germ is merely the adult organism in miniature. It therefore speaks greatly in favor of Aristotle's sagacity that he clearly and repeatedly expressed the opinion which is now known to be right, viz., that the organism develops out of its germ by a series of differentiations. And not only with reference to this doctrine of epigenesis, but likewise throughout the whole course of his elaborate treatise on generation, he displays such wonderful powers both of patient observation and accurate scientific reasoning, that this treatise deserves to be regarded as the most remarkable of all his remarkable works pertaining to biology. The subject-matter of it is not, however, suited to any detailed consideration within the limits imposed by an article; and therefore I will merely back the general opinion which I have just given by quoting that of the most severe and exacting of all Aristotle's critics from the side of science—severe and exacting, indeed, to a degree which is frequently unjust; I mean the late George Henry Lewes. This is what he says of the treatise on "Generation:"—

It is an extraordinary production. No ancient and few modern works equal it in comprehensiveness of detail and profound

* Dr. W. Ogle, in his admirable work on Aristotle, has already alluded to these and some of the other points previously noticed.

speculative insight. We there find some of the obscurest problems of Biology treated with a mastery which, when we consider the condition of Science at that day, is truly astonishing. . . . I know no better eulogy to pass on Aristotle than to compare his work with the "Exercitations concerning Generation" of our immortal Harvey. The founder of modern physiology was a man of keen insight, of patient research, of eminently scientific mind. His work is superior to that of Aristotle in some few anatomical details; but it is so inferior to it in philosophy, that at the present day it is much more antiquated, much less accordant with our views.

I have now said enough to convey a general idea of the enormous range of Aristotle's work within the four corners of biology; his amazing instincts of scientific method, and his immense power of grasping generalizations. While doing this I have selected instances of his accuracy rather than of his inaccuracy, not only because it is in the former that he stands in most conspicuous contrast with all preceding, and with most succeeding, philosophers of antiquity; but also because it is here that we may be most sure of according justice. Where we meet with statements of fact which are accurate, we may be satisfied that we are in immediate contact with the mind of Aristotle himself; but when we meet with inaccurate statements we must not be so sure of this. Not only is it probable that in the great majority of these cases he has been misled by erroneous information supplied to him by travellers, fishermen, and others; but there is good reason to suppose that in some places his MSS. may have been tampered with. These were hidden underground for the better part of two centuries, and when they were eventually brought to light, Apellicon, into whose hands they fell, "felt no scruples in correcting what had been worm-eaten, and supplying what was defective or illegible."*

Thus, to quote Dr. Ogle, who suggests the view here taken: "Is it possible to believe that the same eye that has distinguished the cetacea from the fishes, that had detected their hidden mammæ, discovered their lungs, and recognized the distinct character of their bones, should have been so blind as to fancy that the mouth of these animals was on the under surface of the body?" And so on with other cases.

Inaccuracies of observation, however, there must have been; and there must have been inaccuracies of reasoning.

* See Grote's Aristotle, i, 51.

Looking to the enormous range of his work in biology alone; remembering that in this work he had had no predecessors; considering that at the same time he was thus a single-handed collector of facts, and a single-minded thinker upon their import; it becomes evident that Aristotle would have been something more than human, if either his observations or his reasonings could everywhere be justly compared with those of scientific genius when more favorably circumstanced. But it is the glory of Aristotle that both his observations and his reasonings can stand such comparison as well as they do. For when on the one hand we remember the immensity of his achievement, and on the other hand reflect that he was worse than destitute of any ancestral experience of method, born into a world of mysticism, nurtured in the school of Plato, therefore compelled himself to forge the intellectual instruments of research, himself to create the very conception of scientific inquiry, — when we thus remember and thus reflect, it appears to me there can be no question that Aristotle stands forth, not only as the greatest figure of antiquity, but as the greatest intellect that has ever appeared upon the face of this earth.

The overmastering power with which this intellect swayed the course of subsequent thought was in one respect highly beneficial to the interests of science; but in another respect it was no less deleterious. It was beneficial in so far as it revealed to mankind the true method of science as objective and not subjective. It was deleterious inasmuch as the very magnitude of its force reduced the intellect of Europe for centuries afterwards to a condition of abject slavery. Nothing is more deleterious to the interests of science than undue regard to authority. Before all else the spirit of science must be free; it must be unfettered by the chains of prejudice, whether these be forged by our own minds or manufactured for us by the minds of others. Her only allegiance is that which she owes to nature; to man she owes nothing, and here, as elsewhere, it is impossible to serve two masters. Therefore, the only use of authority in science is to furnish men of less ability with suggestions which, as suggestions, may properly be considered more worthy of testing by the objective methods on account of their parentage in the minds of genius. But it is an evil day for science when such parentage is taken as in itself a sufficient warrant for the truth of the ideas which have been born of it; for then it is that

authority is allowed to usurp the place of verification; instead of her true motto, "Prove all things," science thus adopts its very opposite — "Only believe."

Now the whole history of science has been more or less blotted by this baleful influence of authority which even in our own days is far from having been wholly expunged. But in no part of her history has this influence been exerted in any degree at all comparable with that which was thrown over her, like a shadow, by Aristotle. Partly owing to the magnitude of his genius, but still more, I think, to the predominance of the spirit in the dark ages which regarded submission to authority as an intellectual virtue; through all these ages stood to science the name of Aristotle in very much the same relation as stood to religion the name of God. His writings on purely scientific subjects were regarded as well-nigh equivalent to a revelation; and, therefore, the study of nature became a mere study of Aristotle. There was almost a total absence of any independent inquiry in any one department of science, and even in cases where the utterances of Aristotle were obscure, the men of intellect who disputed over his meanings never thought of appealing to nature herself for a solution. They could only view nature through the glasses which had been given them by Aristotle; and, therefore, the only questions with which they troubled themselves were those as to the exact meaning of their oracle.

It is, of course, only fair to add that Aristotle himself was in no way responsible for this evil effect of his work. The spirit in which his work was thus received was quite alien to that in which it had been accomplished; and alike by precept and example he was himself the most noble opponent of the former that the world has ever produced. And therefore I doubt not that if Aristotle could have been brought back to life during the Middle Ages, he would have made short work of the Aristotelians, by himself becoming their bitterest foe. For listen to his voice, which upon this as upon so many other matters speaks with the spirit of truest philosophy — speaks, moreover with the honesty of a great and beautiful nature; let us listen to what this master mind has told us of its own labors, and with a veneration more worthy than that of the Aristotelians let us bow before the man who said these words: —

I found no basis prepared; no models to copy. . . . Mine is the first step, and therefore a small one, though worked out with

much thought and hard labor. It must be looked at as a first step, and judged with indulgence. You, my readers or hearers of my lectures, if you think I have done as much as can fairly be required for an initiatory start, as compared with more advanced departments of theory, will acknowledge what I have achieved, and pardon what I have left for others to accomplish.

GEORGE J. ROMANES.

From The Nineteenth Century.

THE FATHER OF ALL THE GOATS.

IT was not the search for forgotten sites or treasures of marble, a passion which tempts so many learned and enterprising men to visit Asia Minor, but the desire to hunt a rock-haunting ibex, dwelling on certain mountain ranges in that country, which took me there with two companions at the end of last October. Once only during the month which we spent in those regions did we leave this absorbing pursuit to pay a duty visit to the lime-laden waters, pink and white terraces, and earthquake-riven basilicas of the ancient baths of Hierapolis. These pages have therefore, no higher purpose to serve than as a brief record of a hunting-trip which I found very interesting, even though the results from a sporting point of view were rather inadequate.

The *Capra Egagrus* is believed by naturalists to have deserved the title with which I have headed this article beyond any other wild type of goat. Mentioned by Homer as being abundant in the *Egean* Islands, in some of which it still exists, its habitat ranges thence at the present day from the *Egean* Sea, through Asia Minor and Persia, into Afghanistan, and therefore in close proximity to the most forward civilizations of ancient times. It is thus not surprising that the various breeds of tame goat, however modified by man, should in many respects "favor," as they say in the eastern countries, this ancestry. The scimitar horn curving over the back, the black shoulder-stripe of the old males, the beard, not worn by all species of ibex, are its most distinguishing characteristics.

As an old Turk put it to me: "Why do you come all the way from England to shoot a little goat not worth two medjids?" The truest answer would perhaps be that the old "billy" of the species who is caged at the Zoo is a particular friend of mine. His high-bred appearance and pugnacious habits, and the fact that he is occasionally,

when in his tantrums, chained up to avoid his damaging attacks on his prison—damaging, that is, to his own handsome head—perhaps first suggested that he was a gentleman of character whose acquaintance it was desirable to make. Be that as it may, a hunting expedition to obtain this goat had long been among my keenly desired projects.

By dint of pertinacious inquiry from the few travellers who have sought out the haunts of the animal I had an accurate general knowledge of the ranges where he must be sought. But this second-hand learning would not have sufficed if I had not been assisted on the spot. With such zeal did her Majesty's vigorous representative at Smyrna second my project, that one would think that my success was of international importance. Unfortunately for the extent of my bag, the limits of my absence from England—a rigid six weeks—precluded me from reaching the best ground, which is the chain of the Taurus forming the rock-bound southern coast of Asia Minor. Nearly a fortnight more of my scanty time would have been consumed in the to and fro of this journey, and the cholera creeping up that coast introduced an element of uncertain delay which I could not afford to risk. I had, therefore, to aim at the second best, which I knew to be a certain find. This was called the *Maimun Dag* or Monkey Mountain, a small but isolated range on the Aidin railway, and about two hundred miles from the coast. I hoped that, once on the spot, I should be able to hear of alternative ranges inhabited by this goat, but, except to a very limited extent, this did not prove to be so.

The railway kings of Smyrna can do most things that they wish, and, thanks to their friendly co-operation, we reached Chardak, a station close to one end of the mountain, five minutes under the week from London, travelling *via* Athens; and the return journey by Constantinople was accomplished almost exactly in the same time. Here we were at one end of a precipitous range seven or eight miles in length. These cliffs rose abruptly from the plain to a height of about fifteen hundred feet, and at their base we pitched our camp. An angle in the rocks made an excellent fireplace, and a little cave a convenient cellar where we kept our supply of water. This had to be brought to us daily from the nearest village, five miles off, for the mountain was, at the time of our visit, waterless. In front, a narrow strip of plain divided us from the basin of

a great salt lake ten miles long and five miles broad, or rather an expanse of white salt slime, for as we saw it, at the end of a long drought, but a fraction of its surface was covered with water, and that, whatever the weather on the mountain, was always as still as glass, reflecting the white cliffs of the *Sunt Dag* or Milk Mountain, three leagues away. If there came a shower of rain, which happened later, it lay in a thin sheet of water over the whole area and transformed it for the time into the semblance of a bank-full lake.

In three places at the edge were swamps, where a scanty supply of undrinkable water oozed from the base of the mountain and was trodden into mud. For along this strip of plain was carried not only the newly opened railway, but an important caravan route, and trains of camels, donkeys, and bullock-carts with solid wooden wheels were continually passing. The harsh "klonk-klonk" of innumerable wild geese and the plaintive notes of curlew and plover constantly arose from these swamps, and to them also must have come the ibex for their only drinking place, for the whole face of the mountain was as dry as a captain's biscuit. On one occasion one of our followers saw some drinking there in broad daylight.

At sunrise a faint unpleasant odor always came up from these marshes, suggesting a liberal use of quinine; but we were assured that at this elevation—between two thousand and three thousand feet—we need not fear fever. While pitching our camp, we were engaged in clearing the projecting stones from the sites of the tents. One of my followers was busy over a particularly obstinate one with his heavy iron-shod alpenstock, and at length turned up, with much labor, a large living tortoise, which had buried itself there for the winter. It lay on its back, meekly kicking its legs in the air, while the Frenchman blushed up to the roots of his hair with surprise and disgust. Above, on the higher rocks, were great quantities of eagles and vultures. On one occasion I counted nine circling close to me, and high above them a great crane wheeling in similar fashion, with his long legs sticking out behind as the herons at home are wont to carry theirs. The vultures had a curious habit of diving straight into deep fissures in the cliffs and disappearing with a clumsy plunge of wings. Then they would waddle to the outer edge and stretch out their cadaverous white necks. Great quantities of

partridges lived on the lower cliffs. During the heat of the day they lay close, and were perfectly silent; but about an hour before sunset they would all wake suddenly into life, as if at a given signal, and begin strutting and talking so that you might think it was No. 15 committee-room.

Besides our three selves, my party comprised Celestin, my constant companion on such trips, who has appeared before in these pages, and Benjamin — both hailing from the Pyrenees. Our following, as happens on these trips, was rather a large one, and the commissariat required some foresight and generalship, for the country does not produce much that is acceptable to European palates.

Our cook, who was distinguished by the title of Hadji, having once visited Mecca, seemed to think that all further effort in life was unnecessary, and that Providence would send whatever it was fated that we should receive; but his manners, I must say, were beautiful, and he had a sweet, responsive smile. Omar, a fine young Turk from the neighboring village, knew something about hunting, and I got very fond of him, though our communications were confined to dumb-crambo. During the whole trip I only encountered one Turk whose behavior was rough. Indeed, he was a Yuruk. The genuine Turk had nearly always the manners of a courtier. This exception was Meflut, another hunter of repute from Chardak, whom we employed for certain drives, and whose whole manner expressed the rooted opinion that dogs of Christians were only fit to act as stops for the likes of him; but even he softened to the diplomatic flatteries of F., who addressed him perseveringly as "my pet lamb," "my sucking-dove." My preconceived notions of Christian and Turk received a rude shock. Up here there were scarcely any native Christians, but nearer the coast they abounded. A more villainous-looking lot I never saw, but it was probably only the scum that gathered at the railway-stations, and one should not generalize in this way.

But I have still to describe the most important member of my staff. I had heard before my arrival that a "retired brigand" had been secured for our service and protection. This description was literally true, but we had no reason to regret the selection. We picked up old "Bouba" at a station on our journey inland; and so true to the character was his appearance and dress, including his em-

broidered and sleeveless cloak that hung down his shoulders, that as the train drew along the platform we "spotted" him instantly among the crowd, most of whom could have played the stage-villain at a moment's notice. Whatever Bouba's crimes may have been — and they would certainly have filled a book — since his wind got short, and for other reasons, he had become a reformed if not a repentant character. We found him a solid and reliable person, and good company withal. A popular favorite throughout that country, his moral weight would certainly carry him in at the head of the poll if there were a school board election. I never found out his real name — "Bouba" means father, and is simply a familiar term of affection, much as you say "Grand Old Man." He would sit all day smoking cigarettes in the tent, with a benign smile on his face, but any little emergency galvanized the phlegmatic *cavass* into an energetic leader of men whose word was law with high and low, and he never failed us. His Martini rifle was rarely laid aside, and he would without doubt have used it in our behalf if necessary. It would have taken him some time to use up all his cartridges, which he carried in an enormous belt right round his rather stout person.

When he got to know us pretty well I drew his story from him one night, with the assistance of the Greek station-master. He told it in a matter-of-fact style, without apparent regret, and at the same time without affectation or "side." It was confirmed by people of authority; besides, I never knew him to tell a lie. Very likely he minimized his little escapades.

"Why did you take to the mountains, Bouba?" He gave a fat chuckle. "It was because of a woman. There was a girl that I was intimate with — I was very fond of her. A man came and took her away. I went after him to his house and struck him." (He did not say what he struck him with). "Two days after he happened to die. Then the authorities tried to catch me, but I was always escaping out of the back door and coming back at night. So when they found they could not catch me they put my father in prison, and then my brother; and I thought I had better go quite away. I was for one year by myself about the mountains, picking up what I could get. I could not at first find any companions that were any good for that sort of work. Then came the time for the conscription. Many ran away to escape being drawn, so I got some good men. There were nine of us, and

I was captain, but we had no guns. There was a forest with saw-mills. One of the mill-owners who was enemy to the other told me that this one had many rifles. We went to his house one night and demanded them. He said he had not got any. Then we made him sign a bond to procure them; and as the first mill-owner had told us wrongly, we compelled him to join in the bond—so it was quite fair to both. We got those rifles all right, and cartridges. I was a brigand eight years. I never killed any one for money; but if any one would not stop, or if he was going to give information to the authorities, of course we had to kill him. Once a man asked us all to his house to supper. Then he sent to the governor to say that Bouba's party were there; but we heard a noise and got away. A fortnight afterwards we came back and slit his nose and ears." (This he said in a tone of righteous indignation, and he would evidently like to do it again.) "We used to stop merchants and camel-drivers, and the villagers gave us what we wanted because they were afraid. If a person had not anything we let him go."

"What was the best catch you ever made?"

He grinned at this, and after thinking a bit said: "We once stopped the Imperial Post and got 7,000*l*. Then they sent a large number of soldiers after us. There was another band of brigands—eleven of them. We helped one another, but did not generally act together; but this time we all combined. The soldiers came up, but we were behind rocks. We killed twenty-five of them, and not one of us was touched. We afterwards killed seven more." For having won this victory he evidently considered that he had deserved well of his country. "But," I said, "they surely couldn't have tried very hard to get hold of you!" "Well, perhaps not always. I used to send money to the big officials, but the sergeants and people like that I did not care for. When we ran short of cartridges for the Martinis, I sent 50*l*. to a colonel in the army whom I knew, and he sent me a quantity of army cartridges. When the government found they could not catch us, they offered a free pardon to all who would come in, and I gave myself up and was pardoned. I afterwards helped to hunt down the other brigands. Two of my companions were killed at this time; others died and some are still alive. After this another governor was appointed, and because I would not give him money he put me in prison and charged me with

slitting a man's nose and other things. I was in prison thirteen months, while the governor was trying to get a case against me. He found a person without a nose, but the man would not give evidence against me. He said he did not know how it had been slit, but he supposed he had been born so. This was because I had sent a large sum." "Ah!" said the station-master, "in this country the man who is rich is innocent like one pigeon." "At last Mr. P. got me out." He paused for a minute, and then finished his story with a sigh, in the same words as he had begun. "It was all folly, but I should never have gone to the mountains but for that woman." The gentleman mentioned was connected with the Ottoman Railway. Bouba had made himself extremely useful to this company, and its engineers, in making their extension, owed much to his influence. In fact, he is *cavass* to the chief engineer now, and a highly respected character. No one would hesitate to trust him with a hundred pounds or any other sum, and a more suitable *chaperon* for young ladies could not be found. That is the story as he told it to us; and as others confirmed it, I have no doubt it is in the main true.

There does not appear to be any brigandage in that part of the country now, though the agha of the village assured us with undoubting faith that there was a brigand about, whom no bullet could penetrate. This story had a foundation in fact, as we afterwards discovered, but it is too commonplace to be worthy of narration. There are undoubtedly epidemics of brigandage by which certain districts in Asia Minor are scourged from time to time, especially within reach of the scum of the large cities.

But to return to the goats. Given a broken cliff, scarcely any part of which was more than an hour's walk from our camp—for they inhabited only the steep side of the mountain—it will be thought that the task of securing an adequate number of specimens was an easy one; but, as my Pyrenean hunter, in whose company I have cut to pieces many pairs of boots, put it, after two or three days' experience, "*Le coquin est rusé comme le diable!*" The excellent eyes and ears with which the creature is endowed would not, however, have saved him from our scientific approaches if he had not been assisted by surrounding conditions. Not only are these rocks cut up into innumerable clefts and ravines, but they are covered by a thin forest of stone pines, noble

trees of a pale green color, not mean and disbranched like those of Italy, but driving great wedges of root into the rocks and spreading like Scotch firs into lofty and massive trees of varied outline. Between them a shorter and denser growth of cypress and deciduous barberry, now dying off in scarlet and orange. This covert, though not quite continuous, made hiding very easy for the ibex. Nor was this all. The rock is a kind of pudding-stone, and the round, embedded pebbles constantly work out and lie in unstable banks, wherever the angle of solid rock admits of it. The least touch, and down they clatter, starting others. During the last fortnight, the drought and heat were excessive. This not only drove the animals to the innermost recesses for coolness, but made the stones more resonant; and the air being dead still, the least noise travelled far. Even the fallen oak-leaves were so crisp and dry that they crackled like parchment. Like all animals that live in good covert, these goats have great confidence in its protection, and we saw them more often near the foot of the cliff, within hearing of the drovers on the highway, than at a higher elevation.

The best which I secured I killed within easy shouting distance of the railway. But this confidence is accompanied by exceeding watchfulness, and their natural alertness is indefinitely increased by the constant harrying of the natives. The bands, consisting of from four to ten, almost always, according to our observation, posted a sentinel, and more than one promising stalk was spoilt by this inconvenient precaution, the sentinel posted above having been previously invisible to us. On one occasion one of my companions observed that they had established a very complete system of reliefs. Each member of the band took its turn on a commanding rock for about ten minutes by the watch, standing immovable while the others fed below. At the end of the time he would go down, and another instantly mounted to the coign of vantage and took his place; but the most remarkable part of it was that the turns seemed to be taken in order of seniority, beginning with the kids, followed by the ewes and young rams — the oldest patriarch, who had by that time finished his meal, being last of all; but he shirked his duties, for he distinctly took a post-prandial nap. Another trick of theirs which I twice observed old *solitaire* males to be guilty of, was, if they saw, or thought they saw, anything suspicious, to mount a prominent

watchtower, and, after a note or two of alarm and warning — a kind of cough which might spell the letters b-u-r-r-up rapidly repeated — calmly lie down and await events. Woe betide the hunter who, lulled into hope, then attempted a scientific stalk, for his labor would be surely wasted. I remember once to have nearly circumvented a buck chamois who thus flouted me. He saw the tops of our caps against a patch of snow before we saw him, and bounded away, but stood three hundred yards off whistling. Then he lay down, still whistling and watching. The fatal thing would have been to withdraw. It was necessary to give him something to look at. Leaving my hunter where he was, with instructions to keep his cap gently moving, I drew back with infinite precaution; then, making a detour, got within easy distance of my friend, still lying there and whistling, crept into a beautiful position, and missed him clean!

But to return to our goats. The only method of hunting them practised by the inhabitants is to drive them to certain posts occupied by the guns; but though we were not above trying this and every method, and did stoop to conquer in this way when we got tired of the other, it is not interesting, and the more crafty individuals, especially the old rams, will not be driven. We preferred stalking, and did so with great perseverance, and, for the reasons given above, with singularly little result — at least at first. The best chance was during the two hours following sunrise, and a similar period before sunset. We had therefore to be astir early, and the camp-fire shone red before we returned. The telescopes were in continual use during the day, though, as is the case in all timbered countries, I found a powerful opera-glass often more effective for spying corries where it was all-important not to show over the skyline. Notwithstanding the facilities for hiding, our industry with the glasses was rewarded by finding the animals almost daily, but the conditions above described generally defeated the stalk. That is to say, when we reached the spot the goats had moved, and even a slight change of position on such ground made "picking them up" again before we were ourselves "spotted" by the quarry exceedingly chancy work. In the end I thought that what the American *still-hunters* call "sitting on a log" — in other words, lying *perdu* in a likely place — probably the most effective means; but for that I had not the patience.

Almost the best chance I had came in

my way the first evening. We saw a small herd feeding near the base of the cliff, with some good bucks in it, and got down to the rocks above them in the last twenty minutes of daylight. Arrived within shooting distance, we could see a female and two kids feeding among the trees nearly perpendicularly below us, and were peering down the openings to try and make out the bucks, when suddenly one of the kids showed signs of uneasiness. Perhaps it was the cry of some partridge; more probably the little beast was sharper of eye than I gave him credit for, and the setting sun was shining full upon us. Then they began to move off, and for a moment I saw the bucks, distinguishable by their size and darker color. I had my bead on one of them, but the shot was long and the light in my eyes. Surely, I said to myself, they won't believe that youngster. Hoping they would stop, and that I should better my position, I withheld my fire. They did stop about three hundred yards off and fed again, but when we arrived they had disappeared, and, the light fading, we gave them up. That was a fair sample of our experience. I did not get another chance for a week.

Day after day we basked, and sometimes gasped, in the heat, climbed and tumbled on the loose stones and toiled with the glass, the sweet, sun-distilled smell of the pines in our nostrils. I should be sorry to make the reader as weary as, to tell the honest truth, we became of Maimun Dagh, and I will confine my narrative to a single day, the most fortunate which I had.

I had heard that some of the railway officials were going to have a drive, so I went up early and posted myself at a high elevation where I could command a good deal of the cliff. There I spied a band of four, comprising two small bucks. They were quite quiet, and lay down in a good place, and I got quickly within fifty yards of one of the bucks. He went off with the rest at the shot, and Celestin, who followed what he thought was the track, could find no trace of blood, and declared that I had missed. As the shot was a perfectly easy one I could not think of any excuse to account for it. In a very depressed condition we climbed up to another high point and stayed there some hours watching. At last we saw two ibex coming away from the drive, and climbed down quickly on the chance of cutting them off; and now a wonderful piece of luck, the only one that fell to my lot on this trip, happened. While sitting and

waiting I looked round and found we had returned to almost the identical spot of my first stalk. At that moment I heard stones rolling below, and looking over the edge saw my beast of the morning rolling over and over, quite dead. It was scarcely a score of yards from where I had lost sight of him. He appeared to have been dead some time, and it was the most extraordinary chance which led us back to the identical spot at the fortunate moment when his body rolled down, as we should never have seen him except for the movement of the stones calling our attention.

The beaters now began another drive the reverse way, and across the ground where we were. We lay low and let the men pass us, which of course they did without seeing us, then got on to a prominent rock to see what would happen—in fact, "stayed back for the rabbits." As I expected, the ibex kept coming back. It was curious to see them sneaking out of groves close to which a man had just passed. They knew perfectly well what was up. First came three within shot of me, but they were all small; then a female and a little one; then two goodish bucks with others, very low down. These last we were fortunately able to keep in view, and saw them lie down.

We got down and found a good place for a shot, whence I could see the biggest. It was a longish shot, but I was very steady. However, off we went like lightning, and Celestin again declared I had missed, neither could we find any blood. I could not see how many went away when they crossed the next ridge, but I noticed that they were a long time arriving there, as though something had delayed them. To this circumstance I attached importance, as wild animals always stop and look back if one of their number is missing; so we followed on their line. There was a little hollow behind some rocks below me which I thought worth climbing down to explore. As I peered into it my beast sprang away through the trees. I could only see a pair of legs, but of course I knew he must be badly wounded. Then we found—where the poor beast had stood and stamped the ground—another sign of a wounded animal. A few yards further there were spots of blood, and thenceforward we followed the track with extreme care. At last I saw him lying behind a bush. He sprang away again, but I was able to give him a disabling shot as he ran.

These ibex are of a light brown color, the males being rather darker than the

females; but the oldest males undergo a complete change in appearance, becoming light grey with a clearly defined black shoulder-stripe, which gives them a very smart appearance. It is a sight to stir the heart of a hunter to see such a one sunning himself on some tower of rock, and, by way of morning exercise, bending his head to the ground and driving his sword-like black horns into some bush, of which he "makes hay" in about two minutes. I only once got a chance at one of these grand old "billies," and that I muddled. We had taken refuge from a sharp shower in a cave, or rather shelf on the cliff, protected by a long overhanging rock. The rain drifted in, and Celestin carried my rifle to one end where it was more sheltered. We made a fire at the other end, and were sitting over it, when, with a fixed stare, Omar pointed with his finger over my shoulder. There, about a hundred yards off, was a splendid male ibex such as I have described, with black horns which curved back nearly to his tail. There are not more than two or three like that on the mountain. He was quite unsuspicious, and calmly moving down the mountain, on account of the bad weather I suppose. Risking discovery, I crept to the place where my rifle lay. Two trees grew across that end of the opening, and I could not shoot from there. Back I crawled, and sat down for the shot. He was slowly stalking down the rocks, but still within easy range. I levelled my piece, but at that moment a gust of wind blew the flame and smoke across my line of sight, and I could see nothing. The next instant he was round a rock and gone. I nearly turned sick with desperation. Of course we followed and tried to find him again—an all but hopeless task in the complications of this hill. In the course of the search we got wet through, and in trying to dry my coat over the fire Celestin burnt the back of it—my best "go-to-meeting" one, as it happened; but I would give twenty coats to have got that beast.

That was not the only piece of bad luck which I had—far from it. Once in a drive I was posted on the edge of a ravine; there were eddies of wind about this gorge, and in the middle of the drive a puff in my back warned me that, if I stayed where I was, I might spoil sport. I therefore withdrew to a less exposed post a hundred yards behind. I had scarcely settled there, when two capital males came and stood within fifty yards of my first position. It was still a possible shot,

but a long one, and intervening trees now made it necessary to shoot quickly or not at all. The cartridge missed fire. There was no time to change it, as they were just moving, but, hastily cocking the rifle, I tried the same cartridge again. That time it went, but wide of the mark—a miss, but excusable under the circumstances. They went up to F., who secured them both—a capital right and left. These were the best two we got, and I fear I was envious.

The ibex were not the only animals that inhabited this mountain. On one occasion, a large, yellowish creature sprang away and stood gazing at us. If I had not been slow and clumsy, he ought to have been stopped, but the form was dim among the trees, and hard to identify. Subsequently, Celestin got a glimpse of it through the glass, and pronounced it to be a leopard. I saw it again myself at a long distance, and thought the outline more like that of a hyena; it may have been a lynx. All three of these animals are found in the mountains. A few days later I found some small caves which the tracks showed to be frequented by this big cat, whatever he was. Outside one of these holes was an immense store of bones of camels, bullocks, sheep, dogs, and the shells of tortoises broken open. They must have been dragged one thousand feet up the cliffs, and probably belonged to animals that had died on the caravan route below.

Hearing of a distant mountain said to contain ibex, which had the further advantage of being clear of forest in its upper part, and being by this time tired of Maimun Dagh, we struck our camp and journeyed thither. At the foot of this range was a charming village, with a copious stream, which sprang full-bodied from the living rock and worked numerous small mills, the splashing of which, and the greenery of the walnut-trees, were refreshing after our arid experiences. Every village has its guest-house, and this one was comfortable, and the agha or headman hospitable. Indeed, that virtue, according to our experience, is universal among the Turks in the country districts. When any distinguished or very holy people are received as guests in the villages of the Turkomans, who must not be confounded with the Turks, I was credibly informed that the hospitality of these people extends to lengths which are surprising to our ideas of the inviolability of the harem. The agha's friends were not less pleased than he to see the foreigners eat.

The host likes not only to entertain the stranger, but to show off the latest lion to his friends. These Turks are themselves very abstemious, and our appetites seemed to astonish them. "Heaven be praised! the Effendi wants more meat! What an appetite!" they said. Bouba's customary evening greeting, "May your food sit heavy on you, my lords!" was another sign of this friendly interest, and not the brutal curse which it sounds like.

A word here may not be out of place about the various races which inhabit this land. Turks, Turkomans, Circassians, Yuruks, differ in their customs and modes of life; each race, generally speaking, living in villages apart from the others. The Turks, according to our experience, exhibited a more sincere and dignified, if less ostentatious, hospitality, and a more rigid observance of the Mussulman code of religion, than their neighbors. Of the Circassians not much need be said. They are thinly scattered about this part of the country. Those we saw were a particularly sinister-looking lot, with none of their world-famed beauty. Nevertheless, their daughters are in demand, and, whatever the law, they habitually sell them. Our friend the station-master said he had had a commission to buy as many as he could at 15*l.* a head, and within a few days a girl of sixteen had been offered for twenty medjids; 5*l.* does not seem dear, but perhaps she had a temper. Even the Turks accept a very substantial present from their would-be sons-in-law, and the credit of a man with six daughters is always good. The Yuruks, who are the mountaineers and shepherds of this country, are said to steal their wives, but this must be a risky process. They are nomadic, and their black goat's hair tents are conspicuous; but the climate compels them to spend the worst months within four walls. Their flocks are protected by a large breed of white dogs, whose threatening attacks are rather alarming to a stranger; but I always found a stout stick a sufficient passport. They are sturdy folk, but their manners are rough. Thus, on leaving a Yuruk village, F. received a somewhat curt demand for his English saddle. As a contrast to this I may mention the polite request of the Turkish sheriff just mentioned, when we bade him farewell, that a barrel of wine of the country which we were leaving behind should be emptied to the last drop on the group. The Yuruk agha would have scorned this self-denial, and would have made it the excuse for a drinking bout. I am afraid

the Yuruks are responsible for the terrible destruction of the forests by fire. This is not accidental, but done of set purpose to improve the grazing. From some of our camps we could every night see two or three of these fires raging.

According to our hosts, no stranger had ever hunted on that mountain. They assured us there were plenty of *Kayeeek* on it. Some Yuruks whom we met the next morning bringing wood down the mountain said the same, but when I showed them a picture of the ibex, I saw that they looked doubtfully at it. The fact is, the term *Kayeeek* is used vaguely, and is generally applied to the largest horned animal in the district. We were assured that there was plenty of water on the mountain, but it took us four hours of stiff walking up a rough path to find the first sign of it. When reached, it proved to be a tiny mud pool no bigger than a soup-plate, from which the faintest trickle oozed away, losing itself in slime. Alongside lay a disused trough formed of a hollowed trunk, dry and cracked. It was unpromising, but this camp was so beautiful that it was worth an effort to make it habitable. By clearing out the little pool and puddling the trough with mud, we at length got a tiny trickle of clear water, enough for drinking, though not for washing. If we had gone farther, we should have found plenty of water, but not so favorable a camp. It was at an elevation of about five thousand feet, and at the upper edge of a gorge or canyon, fifteen hundred feet deep, which cuts the mountain in two. The position overlooks an extensive range of hills covered with stone pines, the finest trunks we had yet seen. Out of this forest rose, on either side of the gorge, lofty white peaks of limestone.

Having settled the water, we began collecting wood, and while so engaged a shout from one of my companions called me to look at a fresh track he had found. There was no mistake about it. It was that of a red deer, but twice as large as any red stag's slot which I had ever seen. This was indeed a find upon which we had not reckoned, for few travellers have had the luck even to see the big red stag of Asia Minor.

But duty before pleasure. I had come here for ibex, and must first ascertain if there were any on the mountain. That afternoon was devoted to a very careful search of the upper part of the mountain, and from the complete absence of tracks, a fact corroborated by a careful spy of an extensive area, we soon came to

the conclusion that they were a myth. By the time I had satisfied myself on this point there was only an hour of daylight left, but I hurried down to a point which commanded a wide extent of the forest. Here I had scarcely opened my glass before I made out a stag and a hind feeding at the bottom of the valley below us. Celestin was greatly excited, having never seen any game larger than chamois and certain other rock skippers which he had pursued in my company. Everything seemed to favor the stalk. We got quickly down under the shelter of trees, and had arrived within three hundred yards when the hind started. The fact was, the wind, which had been blowing up the valleys all day, at sunset changed its direction. The stag had not yet caught the taint, and stood awhile. I could see that he was large in the body, but the light was too dim to make out his head. I tried a despairing shot, but the distance was too great and I could scarcely see the bead. It was a bad chance and, alas! I never had the luck to get a better. Three times on the way back to camp I heard the roar of a stag, which, when heard on a still evening echoing through the great tree-stems, is a sound calculated to make a man impatient for the next morning. It was the fifth of November, which is late for these demonstrations, and, as a matter of fact, I did not hear it again after that night. If they had continued to give out such signals we should have done better.

It had been borne in upon us at midday that the arrival of the camels with our equipage that night was problematical, as these splay-footed animals do not travel well on mountain paths, and one of the party was sent back to bring on, by some means or other, something to eat and, if possible, some coverings. It was long past dark when we heard our messenger shouting, for he had missed the track and got entangled among the trees. Half an hour later he blundered into camp with old Bouba and a donkey laden with certain necessities, but we had little to cover our bodies that night, and not overmuch to put inside them. Bouba had to squat under the canopy of his cloak, which gave him the well-known bat-like appearance of a stage desperado, and explained with a grin that he was accustomed ten years back to that sort of shelter — that is before a paternal government interfered with his line of business. We filled our luncheon-bags with pine-shoots for pillows, but as they were gathered in the dark, we did not find out, till we were too

sleepy to remove them, that most of them had cones attached. C. and F. tried the same material for their beds, and their dreams were not peaceful. As an old campaigner, I pretended to instruct them in a better dodge, which is to dig and scrape a hollow for the hips. In theory it is admirable, but in practice beastly.

The next day was a blank, and the following one promised to be another. C. and I had long returned to camp. It was pitch dark and raining hard. Bouba was in a state of trepidation that F. and Celestin would spend their night in the open, and wanted to start search parties. A good motherly old brigand was Bouba! In vain I assured him that my Pyrenean could find his way on any mountain in the dark. At last a loud "whoop" proclaimed at once their return and the cause of the delay. When they stumbled into the red glow, drenched with the rain, this was soon explained. F. had slain the stag of stags. "Mais que j'avais peur quand je l'ai vu!" said Celestin. He had made out with a glass from a long distance a single tine of a horn in a thicket of young fir-trees, but for some time was uncertain of its nature. Then the stag removed all doubt by rising and showing himself as he crossed an opening. In time they reached the place, but could see nothing till Celestin suddenly met him face to face in the thicket, and shouted to F., "L'animal! Le monstre! Tirez! tirez!" but "l'animal" was off, and this was easier said than done. For a moment he showed himself crossing the bed of a stream, and F. missed him clean. Now what did this polite stag do but cross the stream and calmly mount a knoll, where he stood fully exposed as long as you please at fifty yards. That shot told. The stag went off, but they soon found blood. Then followed a most exciting stern chase for the best part of half a mile, the great beast laboring on through the thicket in spite of his deadly wound, while F. struggled after, in vain seeking a chance to plant a second bullet in a mortal place. It is to be feared that some that he attempted would have involved a shilling fine at Wimbledon. Once he measured his length — which is almost half-way between six and seven feet — in a stream and hurt himself so severely that I congratulated him afterwards upon having got a stiff knee for life, with which he would always have the most pleasurable associations. His cartridges were nearly exhausted, when a snap shot struck the back of the head, and the huge beast lay conquered. How noble a trophy

he had won the following figures will show, at least to the initiated. The head carried fourteen points, but one of the "bays" had been broken in fighting. The length of the horn from the burr is forty-three and one-half inches, span inside the horn thirty-eight and one-half. No such stag as this, to the best of my belief, has been seen in western Europe at least for many generations. The castle of Moritzburg, which contains the most remarkable collection of stags' horns in Europe, gathered during several centuries, can scarcely match it for length and width. I do not think the weight could have been much less than forty stone. This it was impossible to verify, but the foot and shank-bone attached weighs two and one-half pounds, which is considerably more than double that of a good Scotch stag. F.'s initials could have stood for "Fortunatus" on this trip. But, then, the last time we had been together, somewhere in the far north, the luck had been the other way.

The next night an incident occurred which shows how unsophisticated the *fera natura* are in this district. The Yuruk put his head into the tent and said there was a beast prowling about, might he shoot it? Half an hour afterwards he fired at and missed a fox. Undeterred by this, the depredator carried off in the night the whole of the venison in camp. The following day F. secured another stag, a much smaller one, the venison of which was placed for security in the centre of the camp. The fox again returned at dusk, and was shot dead by the camp fire, within five yards of us all.

Our host from the village below thought it a necessary act of hospitality to come up and remain at our camp during the whole time of our stay. Notwithstanding the rain, which here came down in torrents for two nights, he sat through it a picture of serene patience. His followers were not so well off, especially his black servant, for there was no room in the tents. Hearing talking in the night I looked out, and saw this wretched negro sitting in the drenching rain and carrying on a loud conversation with himself to keep himself warm.

The big stag was our crowning success, and if we could have spared more time we might have repeated it; for, though the forest was fairly dense, they were not so wary as the ibex. As Bouba said: "All animals are Sheitan (Satan), but these stags are not quite such Satans as those Satans of goats." The fact was that these same "Satans" were the object of my

journey, and whereas up to that time we had done scarcely anything with them, I was very unwilling to return home beaten by a mere goat. We therefore, perhaps foolishly, left the red deer and sought out the goats again. That my *amour propre* was saved the following total bag will show: Seven ibex, two red stags, one wild boar (a very fine beast killed in a cane-brake on the plain). On our return to Smyrna, we found our deeds celebrated in the local Greek daily, a quotation from which shall conclude this article:—

Ὅλγοι βεβαίως γνωρίζουσιν ὅτι εἰς μικρὰν ἀπόστασιν ἀπὸ τῆς σιδηροδρομικῆς γραμμῆς Δινὲρ ὑπάρχουσιν ἐν τῷ ἐσωτερικῷ ἀλγαιοῖ καὶ ἑλαφοῖ, πρῶτοι δὲ νομιζόμενοι οἱ Ἀγγλοὶ περιήγηται, ἔλθοντες ἐπὶ τούτῳ ὑποδεικνύουσι τὴν ὁδὸν εἰς τοὺς ἡμετέρους, τοὺς ἀγαπῶντας τὰ μεγάλα καὶ ἀληθῆ κυνήγια.

Which my last from school thus freely renders: "There are wild goats and deer up there, and yet you slow-bellied Ephesians let these Englishmen be the first to show you the way to catch them."

E. N. BUXTON.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

A POMPEII IN BOHEMIA.

It was in the strange, fascinating old town of Tabor that we first heard a hint of this hidden new strangeness in a country where surprises are ever in store for the Englishman who penetrates into the unknown world of Bohemian mediævalism.

From the lips of a professor in this old-walled, many-towered town, we had heard drop the words, in answer to a question had we seen Pribenic, "But they should; it is a mediæval Pompeii." And so we ordered a carriage to be ready for an early start, with especial requests that a driver might be found who spoke German; for the directions to find this Pompeii were very vague, no road led to it, we must leave the carriage and dive into the forest, and find the destroyed town for ourselves. No guides would proffer their services; all that we could learn was that we were to seek for the ruins, far in the forest, of a dead town and fortress, and yet a town that had lived in an exciting period of history; and now we were driving out under the old towers and archways, where still the pulleys of the drawbridge are in place as they were used by their famous builder, Ziska; driving on along the causeway with a lovely panorama before us, *en route* to trace out the walls and houses of this de-

stroyed town. We soon found our coachman did not know German. It was true after long thought he could muster up a phrase or two which he had learnt when soldiering; but he could not understand us or answer our questions, so our doubts increased as we drove on.

We were soon descending the hill that leads down to the picturesque valley of the Lusinetz, with the Eastern-like domes and towers of the monastery and pilgrimage church of Klokot high up on the opposite heights. As we descended to the bridge that crosses the swift-flowing river we could look back and see all the towers and walls of Tabor, and note where the crumbling old walls were still propped up with timber to prevent their sliding down into the valley, and we could well see how carefully the Taborites were restoring their walls, and capping them with red-tiled pents, to thus preserve the memories of the powerful past and vigorous history of this little town.

The outskirts of the town were passed and we slowly ascended the opposite hill, where some bright figures, in the pink and red colors so loved by the peasantry, were climbing up a green sloped hill, bespeckled with yellow flowers, and bordered on each side with dark fir slopes. Behind these figures came another in black velvet jacket, and deep red skirts, and pink head-dress; and a little way behind another figure in soft light green.

As we topped the hill, we saw behind us the whole town of Tabor, on its isolated rocky plateau, impregnable in bygone days. A red-backed shrike flew out of the hedge as we drove on, and gay butterflies of rare types divided our attention with the peasantry and the landscape.

A short drive brought us to the little village of Slapy, where the flocks of geese, and children in pinks and yellows, formed picturesque bright groups; but on we passed, over an open plain with a wide prospect of distant mountains around, until we came in sight of the red tower of Malesich; and now we drew near to where we must leave our carriage, for the coachman pointed to a fir forest and said, "Pribenic;" we motioned to the village, making him understand we wanted some one who spoke German to guide us, but he pointed to a farm lying in the middle of the plain, and, saying "Deutsch," struck off the road across a bone-breaking track towards this farm; arrived there, the only guide who could be got was a sharp lad who spoke but Cech; but on being shown a map, seized at once upon it, and by dint

of signs we soon made him understand we wanted to see a town at the bottom and a fort at the top of a hill, and away we went beneath the fierce blazing sun, under his guidance.

We dived into the forest, and could hear the cuckoo not far off, while beneath our feet sprang up lovely flowers and forget-me-nots in rich profusion. The pines were just bursting with the plume-like clusters of young bright green shoots, and the warm sun was now veiled; but it brought forth the health-giving resinous odor of the pines.

Onwards we trudged until, as we neared a faint path that struck downwards into the valley, we saw by the side of it fragments of worked stone capitals and bits of columns, that told us we were on the right track. Here in this silent forest lay traces of a past teeming life, and our curiosity was raised to a high pitch as we pointed to these remnants of some chapel or hall, and waved our hands round and upwards to our guide to make him understand we would go everywhere, wherever anything like this was to be seen.

Shortly afterwards we saw a little to the left of the track traces of houses, and then a rounded hole such as our archæologists love to describe as a pit dwelling; but we passed on, still descending the hill, until we burst suddenly on to a small level green mead, with a lovely river flowing swiftly on around its richly flower-decked sward; high above it, on the opposite shore, rising up clothed in all the fresh beauty of spring foliage, rose a rocky tree and flower clad cliff. A bluff of high black rock jutted out on our right, rising some two hundred feet above the river, and on our left were remnants of the walls of the town, some eight feet high, a thick, well-built wall, that we followed up for a hundred yards. In some parts it rose to a height of fifteen to twenty feet, and measured in thickness about four or five feet. We penetrated inside this wall, to find the level space all overgrown with young trees and brushwood, and teeming with insect life; ants and lizards, butterflies of rare beauty, songbirds that twittered in the hot noon sun, whilst, in the grass patches, wild orchids and hyacinths, anemones and rich forget-me-nots, made the place a paradise in its beauty; but we soon stumbled in the brushwood upon groups of round pit holes with the banks around them, and the stones that had formed the houses, lying where they had been overthrown some four centuries ago.

We worked in and out amidst the un-

dergrowth, and traced three lines of houses, many of this round description, and others square; and as we passed on, now climbing up the hill, we passed thick clusters of walls until we stepped out on to a round point that was really the summit of the bluff we had noted below, and where we could now see a round tower had formerly stood. Our lad let a stone drop from here into the river, showing the steep descent from this point of outlook and defence. Further up we climbed, soon coming upon a remnant of a square tower, and yet further up to another round tower, and from here was a most lovely outlook down upon the river that stretched away into a narrow pine gorge, broken just beneath us by a pleasant green island that divided the stream into two glittering arms.

And now above us was the topmost tower of all, and up upon its ruined *débris* we climbed; some steps were still in position, and some of the moulded brickwork could be traced, laid in alternate couples of flattened angular ones, and square with a shoulder to them, to give a broken ornamental line to the masonry. This tower, which we presumed to be the topmost keep, was hexagonal in shape, and the angles were faced with well-worked blocks; but the ruin and *débris* had filled up all entrances and we could but stand upon its summit and look out over the lovely scene around us. The air, now warm with the scent of the pines, and filled with the twink and chirp of birds and hum of insects; and coming up to us from below was the rush of the river as it swept on now as centuries ago, when all these dwellings were peopled with bitter enthusiasts who fought to the death for their party and their faith.

Our artist friend lingered to make a sketch of this topmost tower, and whilst we sat beneath the pines and awaited him, we were able to read up the history of this strange, forsaken town in the account our friends at Tabor had given us.

In the thirteenth century the two towers had been built of Great Pribenic and Little Pribenic; for there had been on the opposite side of the river another tower, connected it appears with a bridge; but all trace of the bridge is gone, and from this side we could see no glimpse of the other tower. In the fifteenth century the towns and towers were in the hands of the mighty family of the Rosenbergs, the bitter enemies of the sect of the Wyclifites known from their town as the Taborites.

Under Ziska, their famous leader, the

Taborites were in the year 1420 everywhere victorious, and on November 13, they attacked this town of Pribenic with its two defending forts. Hitherto this place had been considered impregnable, and for safety a great mass of treasure, of gold and silver, precious stones, and costly apparel, and also of holy relics and rare books, had been brought here; and there was also imprisoned here the famous leader and priest of the Taborites, Wenzel Koranda, who had been captured by the Rosenbergs two months before whilst on his road from Tabor to Bechyn. But on this thirteenth of November Wenzel managed to free himself of his chains, and to set some of his brother prisoners free; and together they overpowered their guards and bound and enchained them in their places.

One of these guards named Odolen begged for his freedom and offered in return to do anything Wenzel demanded of him; so he was despatched in all haste to Tabor to acquaint the Taborites of what Wenzel had done.

The commander at Tabor at the time was Zbynek of Buchow. Ziska the day before had made the bloody and ruthless capture of the strangely interesting town of Prachatitz; but Zbynek had the energy and decision of his great leader, and with the armed folk he had about him at once sallied forth to besiege the town of Pribenic. The garrison was terror-struck by this sudden and unexpected attack, and their fear was increased when, from the summit of their own keep, they heard the war-cry of their enemies, Tabor Hurra! Tabor! and stones began to pour down upon them, proving that their own stronghold was already in the enemy's hand, and the stone balls they had probably piled up to defend any attack were being used against them.

The fight did not last long, and the Taborites were victorious, and took possession of the tower and town through whose ruins we had been wandering; and the little garrison of the lesser fort on the opposite side of the river, seeing their friends had lost the day, quickly evacuated their position, leaving the Taborites in full possession of Great and Little Pribenic. The Rosenbergs despatched help from Sobeslaw, a town that lay some miles away on the banks of the Lusinetz, but this only resulted in making the defeat of the Rosenberg party the more decisive.

The victory was not gained without some of the hideous cruelties which disgraced all parties in this bitter race and

religion war. Amongst the prisoners in the castle was found the Monk Bishop of Nicopolis and priest of Milicin, the same who three years ago at the instigation of Ceneck of Wartenberg had ordained a number of Hussite priests, but who since had turned into their bitterest enemy. The victorious Taborites seized this bishop, and, in spite of his streaming tears and earnest promises to do whatever they wished, they dragged him to the bridge and drowned him beneath it with the most horrible cruelties.

This capture of Pribenic was of the utmost importance to the Taborites, for it taught their arch and powerful enemy Ulrich of Rosenberg their strength was too great for him to withstand; and he turned from fighting to treaties, and agreed not only to accept the conditions of the Taborites, which shortly were: 1, that the word of God should be free; 2, that the body and blood of Christ should be given to all the faithful without exception; 3, that the worldly possessions of the priesthood should be abolished; 4, that the deadly sins throughout his territory should be suppressed as much as possible, and this under the earnest money of ten thousand schock (sixty) of Prager Groschen; but he also promised to use his influence with King Sigismund that he should also strive to obtain the acceptance of these articles throughout Christendom.

Thus it will be seen that this mediæval Pompeii, as the Taborites of to-day fondly but exaggeratingly term it, amidst whose ruins we were sitting, had played no unimportant part in the struggle for freedom of thought and conscience in the great Wyclifite movement, and as we slowly descended the steep hillside, silently upon the soft, slippery spines of the fir-trees that formed a carpet over the *débris* of tower and turret and court and cottage, we halted once more to look down upon the pretty island that divides the once blood-stained Lusinetz. What facts the walls and ruins of this town would yield if they were cleared from the *débris* and overgrowth of four centuries, we could not tell.

"A perfect paradise" were the words that came to the lips to describe the soft calm and beauty of the scene as we now looked upon it. The little town beneath us had witnessed the destruction of a strange sect who thought they could bring back again a Paradisaical life; a sect terming themselves Adamites, some of whom went about naked, and whose reli-

gious rites descended into orgies of lust and gluttony. Driven fiercely out of Tabor by Ziska, they seized upon this probably deserted town of Pribenic; but they were again driven from here to their last refuge, an island in the Nezarka further south between Neuhaus and Wessely. In an article upon Pribenic there is not space to go further into the history of this curious sect; but many of their tenets singularly agree with those of the modern Positivist, such as the teaching there was neither God nor devil, but simply good and bad people; certainly if any spot could make one long to go back to the primitive joys of Paradise, this lovely, silent corner, where all nature beneath the warm sunlight seemed jubilant with fresh joy and gladness, was the very spot to induce that longing; but we had yet further surprises in store for us upon this day, and we made signs to our guide that we wished now to return to the edge of the forest, where we had left our carriage. After halting to get a sketch of some of the fallen pillars and capitals, we made our way out of the cool, shadowy pines to where our coachman had drawn up beneath some fruit trees.

Bidding adieu to our lad, from whom, had we been able to talk with him, we should probably have heard many a legend and tradition (he had made us understand that there was much treasure hidden within the ruins), we drove on, passing many peasants in gay colors, until we came to the little village of Malesich, where our horses were to be baited, and we were to get what lunch we could find; this turned out to be good black rye bread and cheese (luckily not stinking as the hand cheeses), and some excellent beer, but there was preparing for us a scene which carried us almost as far back in the centuries as had done the walls and towers of ruined Pribenic.

We quickly strolled out from the close room of the inn to the great wide open village common, whereon flocks of geese were feeding and one or two stalls for the sale of goods and sweetmeats had been put up. The little church was near these, a plain white building with red onion-domed tower, and surrounded by a high white wall. Going within this wall we saw a group of women attired in the most astounding hues, and as we halted to note them, more came in until the churchyard was nearly filled with peasants dressed in a perfect blaze of color. Some wore white muslin skirts reaching just to the knee. Green and yellow aprons over

these, with much lace work and brilliant red headdresses. Others were attired in pinks, browns, purples, yellows, blacks, red, marone, blue, whilst many beneath these brilliant colors wore the white open-worked muslin skirts. The churchyard was soon filled with this mass of color, and we expected to see all go into the church; but we awakened their curiosity and they examined us as freely as we examined them, especially when a note book and sketch book were produced. As one or two began to go into the church, so we also entered, and were struck with the strange sight that met our eyes.

The church was already crowded with worshippers in every conceivable combination of color, whilst at the altar were standing two groups of children, the boys in quiet grey and brown on the right-hand side with a banner, the girls on the left in the same vivid colors as worn by their mothers. All were chanting in soft, low, and musical tones some responses after the priest. For only a few moments did this last after our entry, and then the boys with their banner led the way down the church, the little girls with their banner followed them, a brass band which we had not noticed behind the pulpit, then a priest in his yellow robes, and then the women, and last of all the men. We went out into the churchyard to watch this strange procession, and as they streamed on, those in the churchyard joined in, and the whole mass of color moved out on to the village common, out towards a clump of green chestnut-trees in its centre, beneath which was a railed-in statue to St. John of Nepomuc. The bells struck out as the procession filed out of the church, and the scene was strangely fascinating as this marvelously intense mass of every hue moved on upon the green sward, backed by the old white gabled houses with their heavy dark archways and barred gates that surrounded the common.

When it neared the statue, the whole mass of color sank upon the sward, and the priest's voice was heard rising, in the hushed stillness, from whence he stood beneath the flowering chestnuts that half hid the statue of the holy Jan, and then the quiet, suppressed tones arose from the whole mass in response.

As the low, musical responses arose from the mass before us, and then the low, united voices were lifted up in prayer in the common tongue of the people, surely we thought no scene in Europe could surpass what we were looking upon for strange beauty and interest.

When the service was over the bells again struck out, and the procession reformed. The church was again filled to overflowing. A well-sung hymn to the Virgin ended this, to us, strangely interesting service; but our artist friend had been unable to resist the temptation, and when we came out we found him hard at work upon a color sketch of the church, dotting in the colors of the women folk before it, but with such a crowd round him as artist rarely has to criticise his work. On one side of him was a brilliant color group of girls, and on the other a grey group of lads and men.

As we drove back into Tabor that night and saw its towers and walls lit up by the rays of the sinking sun, we felt that our search for a mediæval Pompeii had given us a bit of mediæval life such as even Naples could not afford us; and we were well content with our day at Pribenic and Malesich.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

AN EVENING WITH SCHLIEMANN.

"He needs no ship to cross the tide,
Who, in the lives about him, sees
Fair window prospects opening wide
O'er history's fields on every side,
To Ind and Egypt, Rome and Greece."

RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE time of the year was April, the thermometer stood at 80°, the days were lengthening, the barley was ripening, as some weary travellers reached a hotel in Cairo. They had seen early morning in a small boat on the Suez Canal, while devout worshippers were saying their prayers, and a camel was threading its way on the banks near Goshen. They had felt the sun at midday at Ismailia, seen the desert and the palms and the low, flat mud-buildings of the poor fellahin. They noticed for the first time the precious water sold in skin bottles at Tel-el-Kebir. The sand lay in heaps on the uneven surfaces of the railway-carriages, and the stifling atmosphere within was only less distressing than the clouds of dust outside. The open omnibus of Sheppard's hotel has passed through the crowded streets, avoided the runner before some wealthy citizen's chariot, and at last stopped. There, on the cool, broad verandah where magicians ply their enchantments and vendors sell their wares, the new-comers are investigated by the older inhabitants.

The hotel became a home to us, because of the presence there before us of our

friend Professor Virchow of Berlin; and that evening, without any previous arrangement, we found that his seat was placed opposite our party at table. He introduced us to his companion, Heinrich Schliemann, the discoverer of Troy. When asked how long they had known each other, Virchow said "Seit Adam" — "Since Adam." They looked like brothers. Schliemann was the taller and broader, something between a jovial farmer and a German officer, but keen, genial, impulsive; while Virchow was shorter and slighter, with the simplicity and intensity of genius marked on his features. Sometimes they were accompanied by fellow-workers not then resident in the hotel — M. Naville, who was then exploring the remains of the temple at Bubastes, and Schweinfurth, the African traveller. They are enamored of the land, and say they could spend here a thousand years.

We have now before us the writing of three of these friends in our interleaved Bible.

Professor Virchow, who knows his Bible, turned up Exodus opposite the story of Israel in Egypt, and wrote: "Rudolf Virchow, in returning from a journey to Nubia and Upper Egypt in special research of the statues and pictures of Rameses II., the king of the oppression."

Dr. Schliemann wrote in Greek, with certain adaptations, two hexameter lines from the Odyssey: "King Zeus, grant me that [Telemachus] may be happy among [men], and may have all [his] heart's desire."

Dr. Schweinfurth wrote: "Ich glaube, dass die hohe Bedeutung der biblischen Geschichte für die Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts in der Natürlichkeit der darin enthaltenen Gedanken liegt, welche stets die urmenschlichen Gefühle anrufen und alle Unnatur ausschliessen." Cairo, 8 April, '88.

[Translation.] In my belief, the deep significance of the Biblical story for the education of the human race consists in the fidelity to nature of the thoughts it embodies, which always appeal to the deep-seated feelings of men, to the exclusion of everything that is contrary to nature.

Next evening Dr. Schliemann and my husband exchanged places, the latter sitting beside his old master of German student days, and the writer next Dr. Schliemann. Some funny remark was passed about the exchange of their wine. As he sat there, Schliemann told us his life-story. Intense reality and earnestness

in life and pursuit of one aim always captivate one, and among a crowd of mere pleasure-seekers often with soulless faces — breathing wax figures — one learned much from the purposefulness of Dr. Schliemann.

In that land where there is no twilight, in a city where almost every nationality is represented, on a soil which rewards the explorer at every turn of his spade, and the student every look at an old papyrus, surely the living picture which was on that night to be painted for us had a fitting background. In our childhood we went to dioramas, and great was our delight as we watched the moving pictures, the thunder-storms, moonlight effects, sunrisings and sunsets. We used to go home to our attic nursery with the green baize curtains and the sloping windows, to reproduce to any audience we could lay hold of queerly made pictures on gummed rolls of paper, with lighted tapers behind pin-holes in our illustrations, and musical accompaniments, of what we had seen before. So, after that sixty minutes' experience in the large hall at Cairo, in our little bedroom where mosquitoes hummed round us all night in the sultry air, the whole scene was again enacted for us in the theatre of memory. As, after a stormy voyage, the traveller, though on land, thinks he is still in the moving ship, so our mind surged and swelled under the force of the impetus received from the story of the dreams, hopes, fulfilments of a single life. We felt when with him that we were in a great presence — a life that had been built up of varied and costly experiences, and which was always imbibing from every source. While he was speaking, waiters were hurrying to and fro, sometimes whisking off the flies, again putting down the quaint brass finger-bowls; but the guests were scattering, the chairs were creaking over the smooth surface of the polished floors, and the dinner was over, before we thought it had well begun. The flight of time was the only obstacle to his going on much longer.

Since the news of his death reached us a week ago, busy workers have been in our brain digging away the heap of material which has accumulated since that night two years ago, and we have refreshed our memory by reading his autobiography. The warm heart and the clear brain which has mastered so many languages, and told the story with such artless simplicity, as if only for the first time, made an impression not easily to be forgotten. Here are some of the results of our excavation.

It was in romantic surroundings that the boy's life was spent. Behind the garden-house of his childhood was a pond, out of which, ran the legend, a maiden rose each night, holding a silver bowl; and in the village a small hill with burial-place, in which a robber knight had laid his child, coffined in a cradle of gold. To add to all this, there was a living heroine in that fairyland, the little Minna, whom he loved, and who always shared his dreams. When poverty blocked the way, he used to say to his father: "Why not dig up the golden cradle or fish for the silver bowl?" His father pinched himself to afford as a Christmas gift to the little lad of eight a "Universal History," with an engraving of Troy in flames. "If these walls were as thick as those in the picture," said the boy to his father, "there must be some remains of them; and I shall excavate them some day." The agreement was made between father and son. Not every bud opens to a flower, not every acorn becomes an oak, not every beginning has an ending so true in every detail to the ideal first raised in that child's imagination.

Among his childhood's friends, besides the faithful Minna, was the village tailor, Wöllert, who had one eye and one foot, and was for this reason called "Hopping Peter." This man had a most wonderful store of tales, which he told with inimitable skill, one of which was how he had caught a stork which used to build a nest on Schliemann's barn, and fastened a piece of parchment round its foot asking the proprietor of its winter's home to say where it lived; and that it had returned in the spring with a verse of bad German tied to its foot, telling that it had been to St. John's Land. In the written story of his life, he tells how this and several other anecdotes of Hopping Peter stimulated his desire to learn geography, and increased his passion for the mysterious.

Another event which he loved to dwell upon was the entrance of a drunken miller into the grocer's shop where, as a young apprentice, he was working from 5 A.M. to 11 P.M. This man recited a hundred lines of Homer, and the boy was so attracted by the rhythmic cadence that he wept, though not understanding a word, and had the lines repeated three times. He spent all his little savings in giving three glasses of whiskey as a reward to the man; and from that moment constantly prayed to God that he might learn Greek.

His deliverance from grinding potatoes, sweeping the shop, and selling herrings

and candles, came in this way. He lifted a cask too heavy for him, spat blood, and could work no more; and the next glimpse we catch of him is as a cabin-boy on the Dorothea, selling his coat to buy a blanket. The brig was wrecked; he did not know the name of the land he was cast upon, but he heard a voice, as he writes, that "the tide in my earthly affairs had come, and that I had to take it at its flood." He was on the coast of Holland; and from that country wrote to a kind friend in Hamburg, telling him of his unfortunate position. His letter reached the friend when sitting at a large dinner-party; a subscription was started on the spot, and £20 forwarded to Schliemann. The recommendation which accompanied the money got him a situation. His new work was stamping bills of exchange and getting them cashed in town, and carrying letters to and from the post-office. His work was no longer exhausting, and he now began his pursuit of learning. His whole salary amounted to £32 per annum, but half of it he spent on his studies. Whether we look at him in his garret mastering English over his rye-meal porridge, reading a great deal aloud without translating, and writing daily essays in the new language, repeating in an undertone the sermons in the English church after the preacher, running in the rain book in hand, or learning something while waiting at the post-office, his experiences are alike unique. He complains of his short memory, but could repeat in each day's lesson twenty pages of the "Vicar of Wakefield" to his English master; and soon after he knew by heart the whole of that book, as well as Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe."

He worked by night as by day, repeating aloud what he had previously learned. English took him six months, and in the same length of time he learned French, and then Dutch, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese took him six weeks each. He found that reading in any new language he was learning a translation of some novel with which he was acquainted, helped him, and saved him from looking up the words in a dictionary. His knowledge of languages got him a situation as correspondent and bookkeeper in the office of Messrs. Schröder of Amsterdam, and now he commences Russian. He told us how in this office a Spaniard brought in a bill which no one could read; Schliemann translated it on the spot, and at once got promotion. Who but Schliemann would have hired a poor Jew for the sum of four francs a week

to come every evening for two hours to listen to recitations, not one word of which he understood? The lodgers complained of the noise, and twice Schliemann got notice to quit.

It is too long to tell how this study of Russian helped him in many ways; how he became a successful Russian merchant; how his goods escaped the great fire which destroyed Memel in October, 1854; and how he amassed a fortune. This we are sure of, that the study of Greek and the discovery of Troy were always before him, and formed his supreme motive in making money. But he did not let himself realize the dream of his life till the tidings of peace reached St. Petersburg at the end of the Crimean war; and it was in January, 1856, that he engaged a Greek teacher. In his autobiography, he clearly describes his method of study, and the hints are so important that we quote the extract in full:—

I again faithfully followed my old method; but in order to acquire quickly the Greek vocabulary, which seemed to me far more difficult even than the Russian, I procured a modern Greek translation of "Paul et Virginie," and read it through, comparing every word with its equivalent in the French original. When I had finished this task, I knew at least one-half the Greek words the book contained, and after repeating the operation I knew them all, or nearly so, without having lost a single minute by being obliged to use a dictionary. In this manner it did not take me more than six weeks to master the difficulties of modern Greek, and I next applied myself to the ancient language, of which in three months I learned sufficient to understand some of the ancient authors, and especially Homer, whom I read and re-read with the most lively enthusiasm.

Before beginning the cherished Troy work of his life, he made a journey round the world; and it was while crossing the Pacific Ocean in a small English vessel to San Francisco that, during their fifty days at sea, he wrote his first book, "*La Chine et le Japon*." After this voyage he settled down in Paris for the formal study of archæology.

And now we must leave the well-stored mind, the keen brain, the warm heart, the willing hand, to pursue his investigations in the region round Troy. During the intense cold, when his wife and he were suffering from the icy north wind blowing so strongly through the chinks of the planks of their house-walls, and they were not able to light the fire on the hearth, they were kept warm during the day by

work, and during the night by enthusiasm in the work.

Duty done's the soul's fireside —
Blest who keep its ingle wide;
He who hath it hath no chill,
And may have it whoso will.

We shall not speak of the books written, of the sights discovered, of the trophies collected. When we know that a friend is still alive, it is as if we carry about a watch in perfect order which we can ever and anon time our lives by; but when the life is gone, we carry about the same article without the mainspring. We are distinct losers. It is pathetic to think how, in dying at Naples, his sun set nearly opposite the scene of the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, which had early fired his imagination as a child, and a stone's-throw from the museum of the rare antiquities he revelled in. We shall not see him now in the home to which he invited us to see his young Greek wife in Athens, with his son Agamemnon and his daughter Andromache, nor hear him describe his rare collections of treasures; but the story of that self-denying struggle upwards and onwards to what he set as the goal of his life has for us abiding lessons.

We are looking now at some rose-leaves which Professor Virchow laid on our luncheon-plate in Cairo; and in memory's portfolio the scene of Schliemann's shipwreck, the entrance of the drunken miller reciting Greek, the repeating of "Ivanhoe" by heart, and the eager lad translating the Spanish bill, are unfading photographs.

The fruit of his toil remains. Merely to meet a nature like his made us feel how cold we are, how lifeless, how barren of enthusiasm. Even to one listener he poured out his life-story in a torrent of eloquence. We may not have the genius or brain-power which was his; but all can learn from his indomitable energy and perseverance and toil, in discovering the sites of old battles and old graveyards, to give at least time and energy in the search after truth; and having found it, give to others the benefit of our search.

From The Nineteenth Century.

THE DECLINE OF INDIAN TASTE.

RUSKIN tells us in one of his books on painting that the artist's object should be to maintain the "innocence of the eye." The great and insurmountable difficulty in art is the maintaining of that innocence.

The eye is dazzled and disturbed by incongruous colors, by lights and shadows, by the introduction of bad example in the shape of bad work, by the attempts of eccentric artists to marry colors that Heaven never intended to meet, by the constant resting of the eye on shapes and forms and colors which take the fancy and attract the eye, but which are not built on the lines of true art, more especially in the attempt to revive ancient art in modern garb. The eye, in the words of Dante, is *smarrita*, lost in such a forest of puzzling variety and distressing combination that it seems as if it will never find the true path again. When an artist first begins to study, he probably does his copy of a cast, or statue, or drawing, or figure better than he does later on; he only sees the outline, he can do neither shadow nor high light, nor expression; he simply copies what he sees, and at first he sees very little; then, as he learns a little more the gradations of shadow, the science of softening, the art of representing texture and substance, he is lost in a sea of trouble; he realizes too much, he sees too much, and his struggle henceforward is to see less, to simplify, to regain the outline through a morass of shading and high light and moulding and fashioning, till once more, after years of study and hard labor, he returns to the purity of his first work. So it is with uncivilized nations—like children they follow the instincts of the eye. They have learnt no intricacies, the eye is true, and true and beautiful shapes and colors are the result of an untutored eye. They follow nature, and nature cannot err in her upbuilding of form, in her blending of color. But when other countries bringing so-called civilization introduce fresh cunning of the hand and new art, and build it on the old, there is confusion that cannot be unravelled. Art is crushed by art, the eye of the artificer is wounded and strained and blinded, and as a tender flower is choked by some hardy plant that throws its powerful tendons over its roots, so art is crushed by art and dies. Here and there an appreciative government, an artistic enthusiast, makes one grab at sinking art as she succumbs beneath the pressure; but this is rare. If modern art were a boon she would be hailed with delight; but, like a socialistic régime, she smells of what is vulgar and underbred and coarse and, worse still, unlettered and superficial.

Certainly in southern India art has not been improved by the introduction of modern and European art. Southern India,

especially the Madras presidency, is now the centre of tinselly manufactures of worthless, hideous goods, sold at exorbitant prices. Color and shape, quality and workmanship, are a mixture of bad Indian and bad English or French work. Take, for instance, such a common thing as the black dye of Kanchipuram and the red dye of Madura in the Madras presidency, which were famous throughout the world. European black has taken the place of the one, and that rich russet-red which delighted the eye of the painter is replaced by "magenta." The very cloths one admires so much in India, wrapped round the graceful bodies of the Indian coolie women, made of one piece of eight yards, and wound ingeniously round the body in lovely folds without pin or hook or fastening of any kind, are manufactured in England and dyed with English dyes. The Hindu woman is captivated by the cheapness of the machine-made cloth in the bazaar, forgetting that the old Hindu cloths used to last her two years where the English-made one only lasts her four months, and even then the color goes, where the old one used to be washed and rewashed without hurt or damage.

It is not too sweeping to say that the poverty of the Indian people arises in great part from the introduction of piece-goods from England and the duty being taken off them. The benefit is reaped only by Anglo-Indians, who send home for their clothes, or by a few native shopmen, who are enabled to sell English goods to the English residents (which they do with extortionate profit); but in every district where there were hundreds of weavers, there are now only so many tens, the greater portion of them having taken to agriculture for want of purchasers for their goods, and finding it impossible to compete with machinery. Art must necessarily decline where hand prevails over head. Formerly all a weaver's inventive powers were taxed to devise some new design or fresh border for a rajah's cloth or for the favorite of some royal harem. Each weaver could vary his border as he went on, as an author alters his tale, trying to outdo his neighbor or to execute some masterpiece of handiwork, changing his ideas and his colors and his work every two or three days, but the machine goes on pattern after pattern all alike.

The lace manufacture of Madura has entirely vanished, driven away by the invasion of cheap machine-made French and English laces; even the manufacture of thread has vanished from the country.

Who that has been in India does not know those lovely *pelampores*, the Hindustani *palangposts* and Tamil *eluttedupatta*, really, in English, bed-cover or counterpane? These have been replaced by hideous chintzes and cretonnes, with ugly patterns stamped upon them. Salem, Negapatam, Kumbhaglonam, Trichinopoly, Cuddalore, Arcot, Walayah, Kalatasti, Nasupatam, and many other places, which were in former years the hotbeds of artistic labor, would wonder what you were asking for if you visited them with the object of picking up old *pelampores*. The *pelampore* of old days used to be illustrated with mythological subjects or pictures of Hindu warfare. There were as many as two hundred blocks of wood for one pattern, and now one by one these patterns are disappearing, only to be "glimpsed," as they say in Hampshire, by any one who takes the trouble to go to the School of Art, and who can there see one or two of these blocks exhibited as a rare testimony, bearing witness to the former existence of an art that has nearly vanished.

Next to the cloth trade comes the carpet trade of southern India. In India there are two kinds of carpets, the cotton and the woollen; Velen, Bhavain, Kollayal, and a few other towns are famous centres of carpet manufacture. At one time there were more than two hundred houses where now there are twos and threes, and the famished inhabitants cannot even afford to keep a stock of carpets on hand, and as soon as one is finished are only too ready to sell it at a loss, even simply as a means of subsistence; and the trade is at such a low ebb that, if you order an Indian carpet, you must advance the money and wait till they can get through it, as they cannot afford to employ many workers; and if, meanwhile, your carpet-maker dies, your money is gone, and you never see your carpet.

The colors of the Indian carpets originally came from Persia, and their colors, especially reds and blues, were as beautiful as those of that country still are. Now, unfortunately, the revival of carpet-manufacture is principally carried on in the gaols, under English supervision, and the patterns are decidedly English, and the texture thick like English pile, thus encouraging the loss of that extremely fine work peculiar to Persian carpets. Here, again, magenta, being a cheap English color, plays a great part and spoils the harmony of the coloring. One drop of water is enough to spoil the carpet by

making the magenta in it run into the white ground. French and English machine-made carpets and Brussels carpets are invading India, and the carpet trade is sinking as fast as, if not faster than, any other. At Aden, where the carpet trade still flourishes, there is such a great exportation of carpets that they bid fair to make the place entirely of Indian ones.

Wood-carving, carpentering, cabinet-making, and jewellery are all companions in misfortune, and as one regrets the death of one who is clever, and handsome, and accomplished, more than that of an ordinary being, so one mourns over the death of the art of carpentering and carving because it had attained the highest perfection of any art in India. The woodworks of Gujarat in western India, of Cashmere, Lahore, and Benares in northern India, and of Travancore in southern India were once celebrated throughout the whole world, but they have died with the old kings of India, their patrons. How is it that an ancient and barbarous people whom the world calls uncivilized could better appreciate true art than all the modern learned artists of the present day? Each old Hindu doorway has its carving like the doorways and street corners of Italy; each shrine or niche where the household is placed has its little bit of ornamentation. Ivory and ebony decorate every old musical instrument or box. The fan with which the god is fanned at worship has always some quaint and lovely design. In the temples the car of the processional image, the spoons and vessels of holy water and sacrifice, are in themselves masterpieces of art, but they, too, are fast becoming traditions.

The European collector has bought up what is old, has robbed India of its beauties, and has given nothing but coarse design and vulgar workmanship instead. Remember also that fine specimens of English work never enter Indian realms. It is the commonplace that goes to India, and thus India is rapidly replacing original and beautiful art by the commonest imitation of what is often not even the best of English work or even always English, but what England has already copied from some other European nation. The revolution began about a hundred and fifty years ago, when mechanical inventions were introduced into India. In the Exhibition of 1851 the result of this was already apparent, and ground has been steadily lost ever since; indeed the wonder is that any of the old shapes remain. Be-

tween the years 1855 and 1858 fresh harm was done by two or three European artists taking out some bad specimens of English work to India, which were promptly copied by Indian workmen. The cause of the disappearance of good silver-work is principally the fault of the English resident, or perhaps, it were fairer to say, of his wife, who thinks that while rupees are plentiful, and workmanship cheap, she will have silver hair-brushes, pincushions, and other toilet utensils, which are comparatively modern introductions even into England, or rather a revived fashion introduced originally into England from France by Mary Queen of Scots; and now that the duty has been taken off Indian silver, this will be even a more common occurrence, and the result is that great silver merchants like the well-known Framjee Pestonjee Bhumgara, who exhibit in England, and others, while possessing all the old designs, find it quicker and more profitable to copy English patterns that emanate from Thornhill's and other Bond Street shops. There is still a little good carving to be found in the Ramnad and Sivaganga districts, and in Tinnevely. The village of Natthkottaichetty in Devakottai and a few other small towns near Sivaganga can still produce some carvings in wood, and old specimens are to be found in the palaces of Sivaganga and Ramnad. The "cars" of Tinnevely and Madura are beautifully carved, and Tanjore and Uraiyur, near Trichinopoly, still carry on a fast-perishing trade in carving musical instruments.

Luckily the brass and bronze trade is kept more alive by the religious customs of the Hindus, who are not allowed to use wooden and earthenware vessels freely, and brass and bronze are to them as important as glass and china to the Westerns. Almost all Hindu utensils are of brass, copper, or bronze, and it is the custom to present the female portion of a Hindu family with a valuable *batterie de cuisine* made either of brass or copper, and a still existing Hindu ceremony is that of carrying the utensils in a procession at the wedding. The result of this custom is that almost all the platters, trays, bowls, nut-crackers, and all brass and copper utensils are most beautifully ornamented, and there are lovely combinations of brass and copper, and silver and copper. All Hindu lamps are made of brass. The Hindu women used to have lovely brass caskets covered with ornamentations, called *chellams*, manufactured in Malabar, in which they kept their jewels, but these

are fast being replaced by the vulgar English japanned despatch-box. At Sivaganga a beautiful but seldom patronized brass trade exists, which makes toys and most life-like representations of animals, lizards, frogs, etc.

India, and especially southern India, is now going through an Anglo-phase. It affects plainness of design in great part because with less effort the same price can be obtained. Plainness is all very well for use, but the æsthetic and artistic side cannot be developed by perpetually looking on plain, uniform things. Plain paper is useful to write upon, but it is the writing on it that makes the impression; and so it is that the *lota* (vase or cup) with the parrot on it, or the *lota* with the *hamsa* (or swan) on it, first attracts the child's attention, then charms it, and finally excites its wish to imitate it. We Europeans set an example of simplicity of attire, of plainness in objects of use—glass, crockery, plate, etc.—but we are the first to patronize art and to inculcate it in our children and to beautify our houses. Even in India some of the houses are museums of lovely things; but as far as finding original art in India, there are only the temples left where we can redip in the beauties of extinct Indian art. Here each door is coated over with beautifully carved brass, lamps supported on the heads of damsels, and held up by the mouth of gryphons, meet the eye; brass images staring life-like at the worshippers, holding swinging lamps between their well-formed fingers, a thousand beautiful temple utensils all exquisitely carved testify to the religious fervor and the practised talent of the worshipper. It is the same spirit that inspired the Christian painters of ancient Italy, and as that fervor dies, so art dies.

While brass and copper are more popular for household use, copper is almost entirely used for religious purposes, except where the worshipper is so rich that he can afford silver ones. All the requisites for Hindu worship (*pūja*), the shrines of the gods, the platter with its floral patterns, the pedestal on which the idol is placed during the sacred bath, the vessels for holy water—all these in a Hindu temple are of copper, and are always more or less ornamented; but even here there is a new departure, namely, the *panapatras*, or plain platters, apparently introduced from Poonah, and which are made of Norwegian and other European copper. The Hindu never uses copper for cooking purposes. In this he is un-

like the Mahomedan, who uses nothing else, taking care to line the inner surface with tin. The silver used at worship and ordinary drinking pots called *chombras* are generally made of copper and to be most beautifully chiselled. The teapots of the Mahomedans and the sacred waterspout (*sthāli*) of the Hindus in southern India are always made of copper, but the English iron and enamelled kettle is fast replacing the former, and the plain *panapatras* the latter. In olden days the Hindu and Islam ladies used to keep their antimony (Tamil, *mai*; Hindi, *surma*) in small cases made of copper, but now the plain horn or tortoiseshell box has ousted them.

The only real work of art in copper that now exists in India is the casting of Hindu and other images for religious purposes. These are, of course, mostly to be found in old temples. Almost all the temples which can really claim antiquity have images made of copper, which are the perfection of art, and which, with all the assistance of machinery, could never be excelled or even imitated by European cities. Southern India has been the cradle of this art, and seems likely soon to become its grave, for barely half-a-dozen artisans still exist who understand the subtleties of the old craft. Till quite lately copper *chombras* with brass or silver ornamentations used to be manufactured in Tanjore, Arkonum, and are still drawing their last breath at Manambuchavadi and Tirupati; but the cunning has gone from the hand, and the work is less powerful than the ancient one.

The most lasting monuments of the copper art are the old grants written on copper-plate and coins which are constantly being discovered and stored up in the Madras Central and other museums. The only nation that possesses these imperishable forms of documents is India; palmyra leaf is supposed to last five centuries, and *likala*, a specimen of this palm, greatly grown on the Ceylon coast, can be preserved for upwards of seven centuries; but a document on copper, according to the immense number which modern research has brought to light, and which have been lithographed in the "Indian Antiquary," can last even for twenty centuries without the least injury being made by time. The original Magna Charta is preserved in a case in a shapeless form like a handful of torn scraps of paper. What hands could put it together, although it is six centuries old? Look at the most insignificant record of a grant of rice to

some poor Brahmin in any temple during the days of the Chola or Chalukya, ten or fifteen centuries ago; each letter, each stroke or dot, stands out in clear, distinct form, as legible as it was years ago when its wording meant so much to the poor recipient. But want of art-energy is allowing this to die. Ready as the Indian nation is to present addresses of welcome to rajahs and to English officials of position, they never take the trouble to engrave lasting ones on copper. Iron work, too, runs the same chance of being extinguished. India was the first country which turned this metal into weapons. Persia borrowed the art from India. The Rig-veda, which is the oldest record in the world, gives evidence of this; so also do the Astras and Sastras of the Dhanur-neda, and during the early part of the Christian era the Indian blade was the most used throughout the Eastern and the Western world. This art reached its greatest perfection in northern India, the Punjab, Nepal, Rajputana, Gujarat, and other provinces, where they still make beautiful arms; also in Hyderabad, where English art has not penetrated so deeply. In the south this art used also to exist in Konasamuchan, on the banks of the Godavari, in Tumkur, near Mysore; Malabar, Coorg, Sivaganga, Tanjore, and Vizianagram. Some of the spear-heads and different arms of these countries are richly ornamented with gold or inlaid with different metals. Many of these are to be seen in museums. The palace of Sivaji in Tanjore contains the finest collection of the arms of southern India. This art has now entirely died away, and there can be no revival of this art, of course, modern sense dictates the necessity of lightness and simplicity in weapons of all kinds. There is now the Sheffield of India, the Dindigal and Mayavaran manufacturers, who manufacture plain, inartistic firearms. The Indian Arms Act has completed the destruction of the old, artistic ones, most of which have been destroyed or thrown away.

The most beautiful art in India is that of damascening arms with gold, in fact, encrusting one metal on another. It is done by cutting out patterns of flowers, or fruit, or other design in the metal itself, of which the object is made, and then laying on it a thin wire of gold or silver, which is hammered in thoroughly till it is incorporated with the wood or metal which requires ornamentation. The Mahomedans excelled the Hindus in this art especially expending all their talent on their

lovely Nupha stands, which delight the eyes of the connoisseur. Beautiful specimens of this art are to be found in Trichinopoly and Walajah. This Mussulman work is called in southern India *bidri*-work, from the town of Bidar, where it originated; but all the old patterns have perished, the firmness and boldness of the workmanship have fled, and ignoble imitations reign in their stead; the locks even that are made in India, and that used to be so beautiful, are now exact imitations of Chubb's — useful and strong, but thoroughly inartistic.

The beautiful jewellery and gold and silver work of India are also fast dying out. The old Vedas gives names of plate and jewels which do not even exist, showing to what perfection the art had attained in those days. It is part of the religious and domestic custom of India to devote a portion of the earnings of the family to the purchase of gold and silver or jewels. A rich Brahmin prides himself on possessing as an heirloom or purchasing a silver salver on which to place his god, on the occasion of the bath ceremony; a silver case in which to keep the idol, gold flowers to place on the idol's head, or on the head of the great-grandfather at the birth of his first great-grandchild; a gold or silver bell, and other festive or sacred ornaments according to his means. Indian ornaments and jewels have always constituted the principal part of an Indian lady's toilet; it is still the case, but the cunning has fled from the workman's hands; the jewels are dull and coarse and heavy, a tinselly imitation of English jewellery; the beautiful tree, lotus, or tank pattern of the old Hindu is replaced by the hybrid English swan's work. The swan's pattern owes its birth to the brain of a modern Trichinopoly artisan. Everywhere are to be seen European jewels with Hindu mythological figures and diagrams, and Hindu jewels with European setting. The English blame the Hindus for turning their money into jewels, while they are doing the same thing. English jewellers at Madras fashion the tiny gold elephant, and hook-and-eye armlet, etc., which used to be the exclusive speciality of the Hindu jeweller. Indian women, too, are rapidly adopting English taste, and thus giving the last little knock to the nail that crucifies art forever. Here and there a *sowkar* (Indian banker) will produce some beautiful jewels hundreds of years old, a ruby necklace, or lovely gold pattern fine as lace, but, as a rule, he keeps these hoarded up as household gods or for his descendants. The mat

industry is another art which still flourishes in the midst of all difficulties. Nothing gives greater scope to the harmonious intermingling of Hindu colors and Indian design. A plain description of mat but still of great beauty exists at Pattanadai in the Tinnevely district: the surface of it is softer than silk; it can be folded like cloth and carried in a man's hand, or be rolled up together; it forms a stick. The warp of this mat is reed, and the woof cotton or silk thread. The reed has to be torn into very delicate threads before it can be used, and the mat-weaver to do it well must sit out in the rain in winter time in order to use the reeds while they are damp. A great quantity of the reed is wasted in separating it into fine threads, and if the mat is costly it still brings very little profit to the maker. Say that the mat costs seventy rupees, the reeds alone have cost twenty-five, without silk or cotton, or color, or workmanship. The Prince of Wales brought away with him one of the best mats that have ever been made. It is a *pattamadai* mat, and valued at two hundred rupees (about 15*l.*), but this art, too, is collapsing for want of encouragement.

The potteries of India were formerly superior to those of the whole world and were introduced into Persia from India, and to the European world by the Saracens. In the old Sanskrit literature jars and pots of all descriptions are mentioned. In the "Raghuvamsa," Aja having given away all his worldly goods in sacrifice to the gods, welcomes his Brahmin guest Kantsa with a mud vessel in his hands. In the "Ramayana Mahabaraha" and other Indian works there are several instances of the ancient Hindus having used these mud vessels, and their hygienic merit was supposed to be so great that they were called *svaruaputsa*, or golden vessels. Of course in these days all the poor people use mud or rather earthen vessels. The Dravidian high-caste Hindus used mud vessels even for cooking purposes (a system still continued in France, where the secret of a good *potage* is its being cooked in a terrine), but now the high-caste Indians use copper and brass, which are much less healthy. A south Indian lady thinks it beneath her dignity to have earthen vessels in her kitchen; she only keeps a few earthenware jars in her store-room in which to preserve dried provisions, and even these must be renewed once a year. European shapes are fast invading Indian households. The village of Kalgiri in the north Arcot district was

once famous for its pottery called the Vellore pottery; now that, too, has adopted English shapes and fashions, as the children of native ayahs, who wear English costume and look uncomfortable and unnatural.

Pith-work used to be one of the arts of India; fans used to be made from "paddy" corns, necklaces made out of cocoanut for children during the *hali* festivities, strings of attar-scented beads (practically the same shape as Roman Catholic chaplets minus the cross), varieties of taus. Pith-parrots used to be favorite souvenirs of Tanjore, but now the striving after English fashion is destroying all these, and art in India lies a crumbled heap of forgotten and neglected beauties. There is an Indian proverb which says: "That side of the river is to this side green." The unattainable, that which we see and cannot understand, is ever the best; whilst we grasp the shadow we lose the substance. England prides herself on being an artistic country, on having a government that encourages and fosters art, that spends even a large amount of money in buying pictures for galleries and curiosities for museums, in encouraging art schools; and yet she is allowing the very nursery-garden of art to die for want of cultivation and watering from the mother country. India would respond sooner than any country to an appeal for the revival of ancient art. And how far better it would be if instead of discussing the impossible possibilities of a local parliament or of sending native representatives to England they would turn the capabilities of, and the education they are bestowing on, the native of India, and which he has so little opportunity of applying, to some great account by directing the course of his energies and his imagination towards the internal improvement of industry and art, which is practically the highroad to improvement in trade and the enriching of the country! What a solving this would be of that ever-recurring, government-wearying, heart-rending problem of the Eurasians; what an opening for young English lovers of art, what a field for scientific and artistic exploration and employment! Certainly Indian exhibitions have been held in England with great success; but the presence there of things which were merely imitations of modern English work proves that the object of these exhibitions is merely to encourage Indian handiwork and not Indian art.

There are, it is to be believed, many scientific and artistic men who would

gladly form a society for inquiring into Indian art; even an expedition of inquiry would not be too costly for England to contemplate. It would be impossible to revive art in India without this inquiry. India is so large that the different industries are terribly scattered, and even in some cases lost to view; the haunts of the finest arts in India are tiny villages, whose names are hardly to be found in maps; all these would have to be ferreted out and visited; a herding together of art-centres would be necessary, an assembling of respective representatives, overseers, and managers would have to be found, industrial schools of art and museums established with educated, responsible heads; local exhibitions should take place which again would forward the *primeurs* of their produce to larger exhibitions, finally to end in gigantic and glorious yearly exhibitions of purely Indian work; this would not be a task unworthy of England or of the art of which she assumes the patronage. There is no doubt that many native princes and gentlemen would come forward with their aid and their money to revive industry. In southern India there is the maharajah of Mysore who is ever ready to encourage artistic taste in India, to inculcate artistic ideas into the people, and whose own artistic education and high order of intellect make him as fit to be the patron of art as any Englishman, and doubtless there are many others who would help to reopen, as it were, the graves of dead art and to bring it to life again with the aid of the traditions they possess. What a friendly spirit would be aroused by this union of work; what a revival of energy and hard work and interest! May Indian art live a little longer, till the mother-country at last lends an attentive ear to its cries for help, and sends out some great physician who can fan the dying sparks of life into a living flame, a blazing beacon telling nations of what India can do and of what England has done for India.

GEORGIANA KINGSCOTE.

From The Fortnightly Review.
NONCONFORMISTS AND UNIONISM.

BY THE REV. NEWMAN HALL.

To the Editor of the Fortnightly Review.

SIR.—In connection with the recent correspondence in the *Times* respecting "The Nonconformist Conscience," you

have asked me to state briefly my reasons for being a Unionist.

I have been a Nonconformist from my youth. I have also been a Liberal; but ecclesiastical views are not necessarily linked with political. My father was a Congregational deacon, while an old-fashioned Tory and proprietor of a country Conservative journal. Preference for Puritan worship ought to be consistent with freedom in political opinion. Every Christian church should be open to all parties of politicians, and a Gospel pulpit should never become a political platform. The Dissenting conscience should not be distinguished from the Christian conscience of every church alike.

I admit that in not approving a Home-Rule measure, the provisions of which have not yet been published, I am in a small minority of Nonconformists. But I am accustomed to minorities which have eventually become majorities. It was so nearly fifty years ago, when I refused to be alarmed at "Papal Aggression," and both on the platform and in the press pleaded against intolerance, when almost the whole of the Nonconformists urged the passing of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, a measure which was soon repealed by large majorities of both Houses. Nonconformists have as a body come round to the minority whom they had condemned as abettors of Popery, when they were only advocating the equal religious liberty so dear to Dissenters. I had a similar experience with regard to the Education question.

When the American War broke out, the majority of Nonconformists, with the Liberal party led by Mr. Gladstone, withheld sympathy from the North. It was my privilege to be one of the few who, from the first, raised their voices for the North, but it was very difficult to get a hearing at the meetings of the Congregational Union. The majority have come over to those who were then dissentients. So with the Egyptian and Soudan wars. Supporter as I was of Mr. Gladstone's ministry, I took an active part in public meetings, as well as by private remonstrance, to prevent an invasion which was both unnecessary and unjust, and I was reproved at the Congregational Union for "speaking to the man at the wheel." I feel confident that now, as then, the views of the present minority will become those of the whole body of Nonconformists.

I was present at the grand reception given to Mr. Gladstone in the Guildhall, when he announced, amid a storm of en-

thusiastic applause, that "the resources of civilization were not exhausted," and that Mr. Parnell had that day been committed to prison. With hundreds of others he was confined, without trial, on suspicion of conspiracy against the government and encouragement of acts of violence. The whole of the Liberal party were then united in opposition to Home Rule.

After a few months' silence, Mr. Gladstone astonished most of his colleagues by reversing his former policy, allying himself with the Irish party, and bringing forward a Home-Rule measure. I had a strong bias to induce agreement. In some humble degree I had long enjoyed Mr. Gladstone's friendship. The better I knew him the more I honored him. I felt and still feel that, however opinions may differ as to his judgment of methods, he is absolutely sincere in his desire to do justice to Ireland, and so to promote the security of the empire. If ambitious of power, his is the noble ambition of thereby accomplishing such desires.

I therefore was strongly influenced in favor of his scheme. I was in the East at the time, but read everything I could which he and his friends adduced. It was then, and still is, a grief that I remained unconvinced; and for these reasons:—

I could not reconcile the demands of the Irish Home Rulers, which pointed towards a separate nationality, with Mr. Gladstone's pledge to preserve the supremacy of Parliament and the unity of the empire.

I could not regard Home Rule as the demand of United Ireland when one-third of the population with more than one-half of the industry, wealth, and intelligence, were strongly opposed to it; and when very many of those who favored it did so ignorantly, under the influence of the priests or party leaders, and under coercion of the League.

I was not satisfied that this large minority would be adequately protected in their persons, property, and religion, by a Dublin government in which the promoters of the Land League would occupy chief positions, and command an overwhelming majority.

As a Liberal I had always been an advocate of liberty, and therefore I was compelled to denounce the coercive tyranny of a secret conclave which punished with social excommunication, confiscation, personal injury, and often with death, those whose only crime was the fulfilment of their obligations, and the exercise of

those rights which the law was bound to protect.

I was astonished that an alliance should be formed with one who had been a chief leader of a movement identified with crime; and felt sure that the names of men whose characters were so diametrically opposed as Gladstone and Parnell could not long be associated.

I did not wait to learn what course would be taken by others; but I was certainly confirmed in my opinion when I found that such sound Liberals as John Bright, Joseph Chamberlain, Lord Hartington, Sir Henry James, Mr. Goschen, the Duke of Argyll, and others who had been colleagues of Mr. Gladstone, remained firm in their leader's former views, and refused to follow him in his secession to the Home Rule camp.

I long enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Bright, revered his character, and generally shared his opinions. I can never forget my last interview with him. We were alone for an hour, returning from Windsor, on May 18, 1887. With deep emotion he spoke about Home Rule. He gave emphatic expression to his view of Mr. Parnell's character, of the untrustworthiness of any declarations he might make, of his persistent object being to secure the absolute severance of Ireland from England, and of the peril of his obtaining power to carry out his plans. He said it was insanity to give Ireland liberty to dispose of herself as a separate nation, as she might join the United States or France, and in case of war become dangerous by proximity. It was absurd to say Home Rule was demanded by all Ireland when one-third of the people, and these the most industrious and intelligent, protested against it; that Ulster would never submit to a Dublin Parliament; civil war would result, and English troops be sent to slay Protestants and loyalists. He spoke with great feeling of Mr. Gladstone, and with evident grief at the separation from his former colleagues, and at the division of the Liberal party. He said that the alliance with Mr. Parnell was fatal to the settlement of the Irish difficulty. Mr. Gladstone was hampered by it, for he must either submit to Parnell's terms or lose the Irish vote. As long as that alliance lasted he could not secure the English vote and carry Home Rule. He himself had pleaded the cause of Ireland long before Mr. Gladstone, and it was his knowledge of Ireland's wrongs and needs, and of the character and designs of the chiefs of the Irish party, that convinced

him that the Home Rule they sought would aggravate the disease rather than prove a remedy.

Mr. Bright's whole career has been one of brave, disinterested advocacy of freedom, justice, and peace. Most of his opinions have been verified by facts, and his struggles crowned with success. It is not likely that this tribune of the people was seriously mistaken in his final protests. I have heard him thrill the House of Commons with his denunciation of Ireland's wrongs. He opposed the present proposal for Home Rule only because convinced that it would be ruinous to Ireland as well as disastrous to the empire. Among Nonconformist Unionists, John Bright's name occupies a foremost place.

I was in court when Mr. Parnell deliberately declared on oath that he had said in the House of Commons what he knew to be false in order to mislead the House. It was surprising that, after this, any member of that House treated him with confidence. After a careful investigation of the facts, the judges in their report declared that he and his associates had been morally guilty of the offences committed in connection with the boycotting which they had encouraged, knowing it would result in intimidation, spoliation, and murder. Possessing this knowledge, subsequent disclosures of personal character caused me no surprise, and had no effect in altering my opinion. I was never a Home Ruler; but these facts strengthened my conviction of the folly and peril of entrusting the welfare of Ireland to such men.

These, more or less, are the opinions of many Nonconformists. Amongst their clergy may be mentioned Mr. Spurgeon, Dr. Allon, Dr. Dale, E. White, Dr. Fraser, and the venerable and learned Wesleyan, William Arthur, whose thoughtful words in the *Times* deserve the study of every Nonconformist. A still larger proportion of the Nonconformist laity are, I have reason to believe, Unionists. At the same time, I honor those who, while of contrary judgment, are animated by a sincere desire for truth, righteousness, and the public weal. It is odious to impugn motives because of difference of judgment. The two sections of Nonconformists differ only as to the methods of attaining the same end.

It is to the honor of the whole Nonconformist body that, without waiting for others to speak, and without regard to the interests of party, they have protested against any countenance being given to

immorality. Proved violation of the moral law has been pronounced by them to disqualify for political trust. The moral law is at the basis of government, the function of which is to protect all alike in their property, reputation, personal security, and the sanctity of home. Those who notoriously disregard these obligations are obviously unfit to make and execute laws for upholding them. Morality is therefore an essential qualification. All parties should be in accord here. Better to send to Parliament an honest and virtuous representative, who is totally opposed in politics, than another who professes the same party creed but violates fundamental principles of morality. They who undermine the foundation should never be trusted to erect the superstructure. Surely the nation owes a debt of gratitude to the Unionists for having preserved Ireland from a Home Rule which, if carried two years ago, would have made Parnell and his co-conspirators the practical rulers of Ireland.

Let us hope that the majority both of Unionists and Home Rulers, united as they are in upholding the moral law, will henceforth refuse alliance with any who (whatever their political influence) sanction, or excuse, or refrain from condemning every violation of it; and that, wearied with mere party squabbles, they may unite in one great national confederation to promote the welfare of the whole nation.

As regards Ireland let us hope that, instead of further controversy respecting a theory which is undefined, the great majority of Liberals and Conservatives may unite in effecting a settlement which, while securing the supremacy of Parliament and imperial unity, will grant such administration of local affairs as may be shared alike by England, Scotland, and Wales; together with the removal of all real grievances, the protection of all citizens in their civil and religious rights, and the promotion of whatever may secure the peace, contentment, and prosperity of the nation, so that there shall be no need of, no desire for, any other Home Rule. Let us all, casting off the tyrannies of party, party names, and party leaders, unite in efforts as well as prayers "that all things may be so ordered and settled upon the best and surest foundations, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations."

Yours faithfully,
NEWMAN HALL.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MY WITCHES' CALDRON.

It happily does not always follow that one cares for an author in exact proportion to the sale of his books, or even to the degree of their merit; otherwise some of us might be overpowered by friends, and others remain solitary all our lives long. It also does not always follow that people who write books are those who see most of one another. On the contrary, authors as a rule, I think, prefer playmates of other professions than their own, and don't keep together in the same way that soldiers do, for instance, or dandies, or lawyers, or members of Parliament, though perhaps this last illustration is scarcely a happy one in this particular year of grace. Lawyers, politicians, soldiers, and even doctors, do a great deal of their work together in one another's company; but the hours don't suit for literary people, and one rarely hears of five or six authors sitting down in a row to write books. They are generally shut up apart in different studies, with strict orders given that nobody is to be shown in.

This was my father's rule, only it was constantly broken; and many people used to pass in and out during his working-times, and of course one way and another we saw a great many people of different sorts coming to consult him or to make suggestions; some came to call, others brought little poems and articles for the *Cornhill*.

As I write on it seems to me that my memory is a sort of witches' caldron, from which rise one by one these figures of the past, and they go by in turn and vanish one by one into the mist,—some are kings and queens in their own right, some are friends, some are dependents. From my caldron rise many figures crowned and uncrowned, whom I have looked upon perhaps once, and then realized in after life from a different point of view. As they pass they each sign to me in turn, and now perhaps looking back one can tell their worth better than at the time; one knows which were the true companions, which were the teachers and spiritual pastors, which were but shadows, after all. The most splendid person I ever remember seeing had a little pencil sketch in his hand, which he left behind him upon the table. It was a very feeble sketch; it seemed scarcely possible to admiring little girls that so grand a being should not be a bolder draughtsman. He appeared to us one Sunday morning in the sunshine. When I came hurrying down to breakfast

I found him sitting beside my father at the table with an untasted cup of tea before him; he seemed to fill the bow-window with radiance as if he were Apollo; he leant against his chair with one elbow resting on its back, with shining studs and curls and boots. We could see his horse looking in at us over the blind. It was indeed a sight for little girls to remember all their lives. I think my father had a certain weakness for dandies, those knights of the broadcloth and shining fronts. Magnificent apparitions used to dawn upon us in the hall sometimes, glorious beings on their way to the study, but this one outshone them all. I came upon a description in Lord Lamington's book of dandies the other day, which once more evoked the shining memory. Our visitor was Count D'Orsay, of whom Lord Lamington says:—

When he appeared in the perfection of dress (for the tailor's art had not died out with George IV.), with that expression of self-confidence and complacency which the sense of superiority gives, he was the observed of all! In those days men took great pains with themselves, they did not slouch and moon thro' life. . . . I have frequently ridden down to Richmond with Count D'Orsay; a striking figure he was; his blue coat, thrown well back to show the wide expanse of snowy shirt-front, his buff waistcoat, his light leathers and polished boots, his well-curled whiskers and handsome countenance; a wide-brimmed glossy hat, and spotless white gloves.

The end of the paragraph reads like the tale of some prince enchanted by cruel geni:—

During the later years of his residence at Gore House, Count D'Orsay could only leave it from midnight on Saturday until the same hour on Sunday; at all other hours his creditors were on the watch to seize him. On Saturday after twelve he was to be seen at Crockford's, always gay and smiling as if he had no anxiety or fears. During the weekday I sometimes passed the afternoon with him in Gore House Gardens, and never on any one occasion did he allude to his misfortunes. This reserve I call true courage, and the Count possessed it in the highest degree.

Mr. Richard Doyle, who understood the habits and ways of fairies and of human beings, too, used to tell us a little story of a well-known literary man who was so carried away by the presence of the brilliant D'Orsay at some city banquet, that in his enthusiasm he was heard to call aloud, above the din of voices in a sort of burst of enthusiasm: "Waiter! bring melted

butter for the flounder of the count." The count must have been well used to melted butter as he proceeded on his triumphant road, nor did his genius fail him to the last. I have read somewhere a curious description of the romantic sarcophagus he finally devised for himself in a sort of temple, a flight of marble steps leading to a marble shrine where he was duly laid when he died, not long after his return to his own country and to the land of his fathers. He is of that race of men who lived in the beginning of the century, magnificent performers of life's commonplaces, representative heroes and leaders of the scene. Byron of course belonged to the brilliant company, and greatly admired Count D'Orsay. There is a certain absence of the florid, a frozen coldness in the fashion of to-day which strikes those who remember the more flamboyant generation.

I remember a visit from another hero of those times. We were walking across Kensington Square early one morning with my father, when we heard some one hurrying after us and calling him by his name. This was also one of Byron's friends. A bright-eyed, active old man, with long, wavy white hair and a picturesque cloak flung over one shoulder. I can see him still, as he crossed the corner of the square and followed us with a light, rapid step. My father, stopping short, turned back to meet him, greeting him kindly and bringing him home with us to the old brown house at the corner where we were then living. There was a sort of eagerness and vividness of manner about the stranger which was very impressive. You could not help watching him and his cloak, which kept slipping from its place, and which he caught at again and again. We wondered at his romantic, foreign looks, and his gaiety and bright, eager way. Afterwards we were told that this was Leigh Hunt. We knew his name very well, for on the drawing-room table, in company with various Ruskins and Punches lay a pretty shining book called "A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla," from which, in that *dilettante*, childish fashion which is half play, half impatience, and search for something else, we had contrived to extract our own allowance of honey. It was still an event to see a real author in those days, specially an author with a long cloak flung over his shoulder; though, for the matter of that, it is still and always will be an event to see the faces and hear the voices of those whose thoughts have added something

delightful to our lives. Not very long afterwards came a different visitor, still belonging to that same company of people. I had thrown open the dining-room door and come in hurriedly, looking for something, and then stopped short, startled, for the room was not empty. A striking and somewhat alarming-looking person stood alone by the fireplace with folded arms; a dark, impressive-looking man, not tall, but broad, and brown, and weather-beaten; gazing with a sort of scowl at his own reflection in the glass, he turned slowly and looked at me over his shoulder. This time it was Trelawny, Byron's biographer and companion, who had come to see my father. He frowned, walked deliberately and slowly from the room, and I saw him no more. As I have said, all these people now seem almost like figures out of a fairy-tale. One could as well imagine Sinbad leaving the room, or Prince Charming, or any of the Seven Champions of Christendom dropping in for an hour's chat. But each generation, however matter-of-fact it may be, sets up fairy figures in turn, to wonder at and delight in. I had not then read any of the books which have since appeared, though I had heard my elders talking, and I knew from hearsay something of the strange, pathetic, irrational histories of these bygone wanderers searching the world for the Golden Fleece and the Enchanted Gardens. These were the only members of that special, impracticable, romantic crew of Argonauts I ever saw, though I have read and re-read their histories and diaries so that I seem to know them all, and can almost hear their voices. Sometimes, when I listen to the talk of my kind neighbor Mr. John Murray, Byron himself, clothed and at his best, seems to rise before one's imagination. Once I saw in a crystal locket the lock of hair which he wore upon his forehead. Once Mr. Browning showed me a picture of him taken in early days, more like that of a young divinity than of any mortal peer. The Shelleys too have lived in our midst of late, so vividly alive and familiar to us, that it seems scarcely possible to believe they have never known of our existence. One day not long ago Lady Taylor in her bright, comprehensive way showed me the beautiful portraits of Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft hanging in Sir Percy Shelley's home. To Godwin, Opie had given something of his own nobility; the mother of Mary Shelley was born noble, as generous and devoted as Mary Shelley herself. The more one knows of these two women the more one

loves and pities them. I think of all the things I ever heard of Mary Shelley, Mrs. Kemble's pathetic story haunts one with saddest persistence, and seems to sigh back the curtain of the past. "Bring up a boy to think for himself," a girl once said to Mrs. Shelley (the girl was Fanny Kemble herself in her early youth), and to this came the mother's passionate answer. "Ah, no, no; bring him up to think like other people."

One of the most notable persons who ever came into our old bow-windowed drawing-room in Young Street is a guest never to be forgotten by me, a tiny, delicate, little person, whose small hand nevertheless grasped a mighty lever which set all the literary world of that day vibrating. I can still see the scene quite plainly—the hot summer evening, the open windows, the carriage driving to the door as we all sat silent and expectant; my father, who rarely waited, waiting with us; our governess and my sister and I all in a row, and prepared for the great event. We saw the carriage stop, and out of it sprang the active, well-knit figure of young Mr. George Smith, who was bringing Miss Brontë to see our father. My father, who had been walking up and down the room, goes out into the hall to meet his guests, and then after a moment's delay the door opens wide, and the two gentlemen come in, leading a tiny, delicate, serious, little lady, pale, with fair, straight hair, and steady eyes. She may be a little over thirty; she is dressed in a little *barège* dress with a pattern of faint green moss. She enters in mittens, in silence, in seriousness; our hearts are beating with wild excitement. This, then, is the authoress, the unknown power whose books have set all London talking, reading, speculating; some people even say our father wrote the books—the wonderful books. To say that we little girls had been given "Jane Eyre" to read scarcely represents the facts of the case; to say that we had taken it without leave, read bits here and read bits there, been carried away by an undreamed-of and hitherto unimaginable whirlwind into things, times, places, all utterly absorbing and at the same time absolutely unintelligible to us, would more accurately describe our states of mind on that summer's evening as we look at Jane Eyre—the great Jane Eyre—the tiny little lady. The moment is so breathless that dinner comes as a relief to the solemnity of the occasion, and we all smile as my father stoops to offer his arm, for, genius though she may

be, Miss Brontë can barely reach his elbow. My own personal impressions are that she is somewhat grave and stern, specially to forward little girls who wish to chatter; Mr. George Smith has since told me how she afterwards remarked upon my father's wonderful forbearance and gentleness with our uncalled-for incursions into the conversation. She sat gazing at him with kindling eyes of interest; lighting up with a sort of illumination every now and then as she answered him. I can see her bending forward over the table, not eating, but listening to what he said as he carved the dish before him.

I think it must have been on this very occasion that my father invited some of his friends in the evening to meet Miss Brontë—for everybody was interested and anxious to see her. Mrs. Crowe, the reciter of ghost-stories, was there. Mrs. Brookfield, Mrs. Carlyle, Mr. Carlyle himself was there, so I am told, railing at the appearance of cockneys upon Scotch mountain sides; there were also too many Americans for his taste "but the Americans were as God compared to the cockneys" says the philosopher. Besides the Carlyles there were Mrs. Elliott and Miss Perry, Mrs. Procter and her daughter, most of my father's habitual friends and companions. In the recent life of Lord Houghton I was amused to see a note quoted in which Lord Houghton also was convened. Would that he had been present!—perhaps the party would have gone off better. It was a gloomy and a silent evening. Every one waited for the brilliant conversation which never began at all. Miss Brontë retired to the sofa in the study, and murmured a low word now and then to our kind governess, Miss True-lock. The room looked very dark, the lamp began to smoke a little, the conversation grew dimmer and more dim, the ladies sat round still expectant, my father was too much perturbed by the gloom and the silence to be able to cope with it at all. Mrs. Brookfield, who was in the doorway by the study, near the corner in which Miss Brontë was sitting, leaned forward with a little commonplace, since brilliance was not to be the order of the evening. "Do you like London, Miss Brontë?" she said; another silence, a pause, then Miss Brontë answers, "Yes and no" very gravely, and there the conversation drops. My sister and I were much too young to be bored in those days; alarmed, impressed we might be, but not yet bored. A party was a party, a lioness was a lioness; and,—shall I confess it?—at that time an

extra dish of biscuits was enough to mark the evening. We felt all the importance of the occasion; tea spread in the dining-room, ladies in the drawing-room; we roamed about inconveniently, no doubt, and excitedly, and in one of my excursions crossing the hall, I was surprised to see my father opening the front door with his hat on. He put his fingers to his lips, walked out into the darkness, and shut the door quietly behind him. When I went back to the drawing-room again, the ladies asked me where he was. I vaguely answered that I thought he was coming back. I was puzzled at the time, nor was it all made clear to me till long years afterwards, when one day Mrs. Procter asked me if I knew what had happened once when my father had invited a party to meet Jane Eyre at his house. It was one of the duller evenings she had ever spent in her life, she said. And then with a good deal of humor she described the situation, the ladies who had all come expecting so much delightful conversation; and the gloom and the constraint, and how finally, overwhelmed by the situation, my father had quietly left the room, left the house, and gone off to his club. The ladies waited, wondered, and finally departed also; and as we were going up to bed with our candles after everybody was gone, I remember two pretty Miss L.'s, in shiny silk dresses, arriving full of expectation. We still said we thought our father would soon be back, but the Miss L.'s declined to wait upon the chance, laughed, and drove away again almost immediately.

Since writing the preceding lines, I have visited Jane Eyre land, and stayed in the delightful home where she used to stay with Mrs. Gaskell. I have seen signs and tokens of her presence, faint sketches vanishing away, the delicate writing in the beautiful books she gave that warm friend; and I have also looked for and re-read the introduction to "Emma," that "last sketch" and most touching chapter in the never-to-be-written book of Charlotte Brontë's happy married life. The paper is signed "W. M. T.;" it was written by the editor, and is printed in one of the very earliest numbers of the *Cornhill Magazine*.

I remember the trembling little frame, the little hand, the great honest eyes; an impetuous honesty seemed to me to characterize the woman. . . . I fancied an austere little Joan of Arc marching in upon us and rebuking our easy lives, our easy morals. She gave me the

impression of being a very pure and lofty and high-minded person. A great and holy reverence of right and truth seemed to be with her always. Such in our brief interview she appeared to me. As one thinks of that life so noble, so lonely — of that passion for truth — of those nights and nights of eager study, swarming fancies, invention, depression, elation, and prayer; as one reads of the necessarily incomplete though most touching and admirable history of the heart that throbbed in this one little frame — of this one among the myriads of souls that have lived and died on this great earth — this great earth! — this little speck in the infinite universe of God, with what wonder do we think of to-day, with what awe await to-morrow, when that which is now but darkly seen shall be clear?

As I write out what my father's hand has written my gossip is hushed, and seems to me like the lamp-smoke in the old drawing-room compared to the light of the summer's night in the street outside.

ANNE RITCHIE.

From The Speaker.
ROYAL SURNAMES.

THERE is a "Guelph Exhibition;" and a Guelph Exhibition is likely to call forth an amazing flood of one particular form of vain talk. In the days of William the Fourth, some very impertinent person thought it smart to talk of the king and queen as "Mr. and Mrs. Guelph." The impertinence was instructive; it showed that some people — very many people in truth — believed that the king had a surname, and that that surname was "Guelph." One does not know whether they have gone on either to think that the present queen changed that surname for some other when she married one whose name certainly was not Guelph, or to think that Prince Albert changed his surname, whatever it was, for that of her Majesty. That everybody must have a surname is by no means a new delusion. Perhaps Shakespeare himself was not free from it when he called Queen Gruach "Lady Macbeth." He hardly meant the title in the same way in which one now speaks of "Lady John" or "Lady George." Many people seem unable to fancy a man without a hereditary surname. Yet there have been many ages and countries of the European world in which hereditary surnames have been unknown, and one class of people goes without them still. That is to say, those princely families which became princely

before hereditary surnames came into universal use have never had any need to take a surname, because they are clearly enough distinguished from other people without any. Some princely houses have surnames; but that is because they had taken surnames before they became princely. Such was Tudor in England; such was Stewart, first in Scotland, then in England. When Charles the First at his trial was summoned as "Charles Stewart, king of England," the description was unusual, but it was strictly accurate. When the French revolutionists, in helpless imitation, summoned their king by the name of "Louis Capet," they made a ludicrous blunder. Charles was "Charles Stewart," because Stewart was his real surname, inherited from his grandfather, Henry Stewart. Lewis was not "Louis Capet," because "Capet" never was the hereditary surname of anybody. Charles's grandmother, Queen Mary, was equally Mary Stewart, as a descendant of that Robert Stewart who married the daughter of Robert Bruce — another king with a surname. The place-name, the name of hereditary office, Robert of Bruce, Robert the Steward, easily passed into a hereditary surname in the modern sense. But "Capet" was simply the personal surname or nickname of the king who was in some sort the founder of the dynasty. His nickname was therefore sometimes found convenient to mark the dynasty; people began to talk about "the Capets," and they at last fancied that Capet was the hereditary surname of the house. Otherwise there was no more reason for calling Lewis the Sixteenth "Louis Capet" than there was for calling him "Louis le Long," "Louis le Bel," "Louis le Hardi," or any other nickname of any earlier king.

The Guelphs, in the queer spelling that they have gradually come to, in their natural shape, the *Welfs*, are in a somewhat different case. We need not perplex ourselves to find out how the first man that was called Welf came by his name. There is a pretty story about *Whelphs* in a basket, which anybody may believe if he chooses. The name is not more wonderful than many other names. A Duke *Welf* is not more startling than the patriarchal *Caleb*, than the Roman *Calulus*, than Can' Grande della Scala, who looks specially strange in his Latin shape of "Dominus Canis." The difference between *Welfs* and *Capets* is that there were real *Welfs*, and that there were no real *Capets*. A long line of nobles and princes, one after another, bore the name of *Welf* as their

personal name. Their house came naturally to be spoken of as the house of the Welfs; their political party was known as the party of the Welfs. The name, famous as a party-name in Germany, became yet more famous in Italy. It took an Italian shape, and the "parte Guelfa" spoke to the heart of every citizen of Florence. Further, as "Welf" became "Guelf" by a very natural process, "Guelf" has further become "Guelph" by a very unnatural one. How Ulf became "Ulphus," how Ligulf or Liulf became "Lyulph," how Guelf became "Guelph," must be left to those who have tender consciences about spelling, and who will let no man's name be written as he wrote it himself. Lord Macaulay talks of "the blood of the Guelphs," and he well may. No description could better mark the descent and history of the house. Yet to fancy that Guelph is a hereditary surname—if anybody still really does so fancy it—is just as great a blunder as that of the French revolutionists. To speak of any duke or king of the house as George or William Welf, Guelf, or Guelph, is quite as grotesque as to talk of "Louis Capet."

One or two more things may be said while we are on the subject of these names. Many, perhaps most, people fancy that *Plantagenet* was a hereditary surname from the twelfth century onwards. Scott talks about "Edith Plantagenet," a very queer mixture of names, though one has seen "Margaret Atheling," which is queerer still. But no man, king or otherwise, was ever called *Plantagenet* as a hereditary surname till the fifteenth century. Then the Dukes of York found that they wanted a surname, and they chose the nickname of their remote forefather, Count Geoffrey, known as *Plantagenet*. There was no more reason for calling themselves *Plantagenet* than for calling themselves "Bastard," "Lackland," "Longshanks," or any other nickname of any other forefather; only *Plantagenet* certainly sounded better. It would be perfectly accurate to call the kings of the house of York "the *Plantagenets*," just as we talk of the Tudors and the Stewarts; only the name has been oddly carried back for three hundred years. And people hardly distinguish between the use of the name *Stewart* as applied to the elder kings of Scotland and as applied to those who were kings of England also. James, Sixth and First, son of Henry and Mary Stewart, was proclaimed "Prince and Stewart of Scotland" as well as king.

"Stewart" was the hereditary office of his forefathers, still not forgotten. He would have been "Stewart" in that sense if he had been the son of Bothwell or of Francis the Second. But if a son of Bothwell had come to the crown of England, we should surely know his house, not as Stewarts, but as Hepburns.

"Capet" never was a hereditary surname; but the modern descendants of Hugh Capet seem to be taking to themselves hereditary surnames. The Spanish branch have long used the name of Bourbon in a way which comes very near to a surname. They use it constantly, in a way that our Tudors and Stewarts never used their surnames. And when the Duke of Aumale signs himself "Henri d'Orléans," that comes very near to a surname too; and a like question may some day arise among ourselves. The Dukes of York of the fifteenth century were the last men of royal descent in the male line who found that a surname would be convenient. Since then princes and their children have always died out in an astonishing way; all the male descendants of a king have been so near to the crown that the question of a surname has not again occurred. But let our imagination go on to conceive the children of the tenth Duke of Connaught. Surely they will not be all princes, princesses, and royal highnesses. Surely they will be Lord John and Lady Mary, like the children of other dukes. Only Lord John and Lady Mary what? Doubtless, if the case occurs, the question will have been settled before the time of the tenth duke. The sovereign can confer any title and precedence on anybody, and it is reasonably held that any man may take any surname that he pleases. Mr. Bugg was foolish only in changing so ancient a name as Bugg for one so modern as Norfolk Howard. The Hunt who called himself *De Vere*, and the Morris who called himself *Montmorency*, were wiser in their generation. Assuredly no law or custom at present fixed can settle now what the younger children of the tenth Duke of Connaught will be called. The sovereign of that day may give them any title that he chooses; they themselves may, like the Dukes of York in the fifteenth century take any surname that they choose. If they should choose to take Guelph, then the impertinence of the days of William the Fourth will become a fact in the days of Edward the Eleventh or Elizabeth the Third. The children of Lord John Guelph, if not promoted by their very distant kinsman on the throne,

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will assuredly be plain Mr. and Mrs. Guelph, without even the epithet of "Honorable."

E. A. FREEMAN.

From The Saturday Review.
MEISSONIER.

THE death of Meissonier removes a most important personality from the art world of Europe. Although in a few days the master would have completed his eightieth year, his power and skill had scarcely abated; the vigorous little old man, with the vast white beard which made him look like a river-god in miniature, still kept the world about him in a turmoil with his energy and his martial fervor. The place which he had gained as the undisputed leader and president of French art had not been won without a lifelong struggle. In the laudatory notices of Meissonier's life which have appeared this week, in France as well as in this country, that fact has scarcely been alluded to, so completely in the glory of success are the disappointments of the past forgotten. But it is worth recollecting that so lately as 1861 Meissonier was elected into the Academy by a narrow majority over a certain M. Hesse, now forgotten, who was then the favorite with the critics; that later than this it was the custom to mention his name in the same breath with costume painters such as Fichel and Plassan; and that in 1864 the jurors positively refused the *grande médaille* to him at the Salon.

It was the conviction that this great painter desired, above all things else, to glorify French art, and to prove himself a sincere patriot, which won for Meissonier that astonishing popularity which his old age achieved. There were wonderful legends about him, and some of them have now proved to have been true. M. Antonin Proust has written this week to a French paper to say that it is literally historic that on the 8th of September, 1870, Meissonier went to Gambetta and asked to be made military prefect of Metz. Whether he would have served France with success if this request had been granted may be doubtful, but certainly his training, his audacity, and the breadth of his conceptions might have made an excellent amateur fighting general of him. Gambetta, at all events, never ceased to try to make use of Meissonier in public life, and we now learn that the gifts of

"Le Graveur à l'eau-forte" and "L'Attente" to the French nation were made in compliment to that statesman in November, 1881. We may, however, on the whole, be glad that, in spite of all temptations to adorn other vocations, Meissonier remained from first to last simply a painter.

His work has come to be considered as the highest expression of a certain view of nature which is far from being as limited as some critics have alleged. It is true that Meissonier is not a colorist. The word cannot be used of a painter who obtains his effects by the positive elimination of color, whose reds are deliberately rendered by mud-tints, and his blues and greens by greys. But in most other directions his characteristics are so wide as almost to defy criticism. In light, in tone, in veracity of impression, in completeness of knowledge, he has no rival, even among those masters of the Low Countries whom he loved to emulate. The microscopic proportions of his pictures, his fondness for seventeenth and eighteenth century costumes, the realism that shocked his early critics, are no longer looked upon as detracting anything from his merit; for all eccentricities may easily be forgiven to an observation so precise and a touch so broad and true. His realism has always been inspired by great thoughts; it has never been vulgar nor mediocre. There are, perhaps, no French pictures of forty years ago which have suffered so little from the change of fashion as those of Meissonier.

His artistic conscience, as has been well said, was inexorable. For his great effects he trusted neither to memory nor to construction, but, at vast expense and under extreme difficulties, insisted on working from nature. When he was painting "1807," he bought a cornfield, and hired a troop of cuirassiers to gallop over it, he himself riding at their side and noting the attitudes of men and horses. Then, and not until the field was in the right condition of corn ruined by cavalry, did Meissonier sit down before it to paint his middle distance. A similar story is told of the ploughed and snow-covered field in "1814." It was his artistic conscience which led him, as long ago as 1830, to break with the convention of the classic school, and which kept him so consistently isolated from the passing fashions of French art for sixty years. No one has ever used the model so faithfully and sincerely, and it is this, his invariable vision of the man inside the doublet or the coat

of mail, which distinguishes him from all the ephemeral host of mere painters of costume.

It is an interesting fact that he has left on record which of all his innumerable productions he himself preferred. His list of his own four favorite pictures consists of "La Rixe," "1807," "L'Attente," and "Le Graveur à l'eau-forte," and the study of these alone would teach us what Meissonier was. In the first of these "La Rixe" — the two young fellows flying at each other's throats, and scarcely held apart by their friends — we see Meissonier's gift for presenting violent action suddenly arrested in a composition superbly balanced, and yet natural and easy in the extreme. In "1807" we have the most triumphant and the most fiery of those battle-pieces, crowded with small figures in which Napoleon, without any undue emphasis, is given the central and inevitable place of honor. This is the type of those ambitious works in which Meissonier, carried away by his own de-

sire to reach perfection, attempted a completeness of plane upon plane, beyond the capacity of any eye but his own. To another class belong his isolated subject-figures, reading, etching, painting, smoking, or merely sitting calmly in a rose-colored or a sky-blue coat. Throughout his life the muse of Meissonier, in the old phrase, brought forth none but male children. Much as he loved drapery and costume, he very seldom consented to draw a woman; when he did, as in the hostess in "La Halte," or the servant-maid in "La Culotte des Cordeliers," he succeeded just well enough to send us back contented to his troopers and his *philosophes*. Meissonier's unique position in the art of our time is very curious. He sprang out of nothing, full-armed, without a master; and he dies at eighty, the most honored and the most popular of French painters, without ever having had, in any serious sense, a pupil. He has been, like Cowley's Phoenix, "a vast species alone."

CURIOUS DISCOVERY IN THE STOUR. — A correspondent writes: "A most interesting discovery has just been made at the old Cinque Port of Sandwich. The Stour, a river which has, perhaps, more frequently changed its course than any other English river, has lately entered an old channel near its confluence with Pegwell Bay, laying bare a wreck which has probably occupied its present position for several centuries. The vessel is one of foreign build, and the wood is in a fair state of preservation, owing to the fact that it has for many years been entirely embedded in the sand. On inspection it would appear that from time to time various attempts had been made to cut down the wreck, but the hull of the vessel is as yet pretty nearly intact. It is a matter of local history that a little over three hundred years ago, in the reign of Henry VIII., an Italian vessel, belonging to one of the popes, sank at the entrance to the then flourishing port of Sandwich. The sand silted round it, forming a great bank, and blocking up the entrance to the haven, and it is recorded that from this date the prosperity of Sandwich as a seaport greatly declined. It is believed, with some show of reason, that the ancient wreck now discovered is identical with the papal Caryke, or Carrick, which sank at this spot in the reign of Henry VIII."

introduction of the chrysanthemum into England, a word on the subject from its native place, Pekin, may not be out of place. It is not generally known that the Chinese grow the chrysanthemum as a standard tree, especially for selling. They graft them on to a stalk of artemisia. There is a species of artemisia that grows wild and covers the waste ground round Pekin; it springs from seed every year, and by the autumn attains to a tree eight or ten feet high with a stem one and one-half inch thick. The Chinese cut it down, and, after drying it, use it as fuel; the small twigs and seeds are twisted into a rope, which is lighted and hung up in a room to smoulder for hours; the pungent smell of the smoke drives out the mosquitoes. This plant, after being potted, is cut down to about three feet and used as the stock, the twigs of chrysanthemum are grafted round the top, and it quickly makes a fine tree, the flowers grow and open, and as the stock soon withers the whole tree dies, and folks say, "another ingenious fraud of the Chinaman." A favorite style of growing chrysanthemums is in the shape of a fan, with eight or ten flowers in different parts of it. If the flowers are not grown on the plant they are tied on, which also does for selling. The winters in Pekin are very cold, and last about four months, and having no glass houses the Chinese gardeners do not have the chance of producing such a variety of such fine flowers as their European brethren, but in the case of chrysanthemums they have many curious and beautiful varieties. Theo. Child, in *Nature*.

THE CENTENARY OF THE CHRYSANTHEMUM. — This being the centenary year of the

